

The Leader.

"The one Idea which History exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the Idea of Humanity—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views; and by setting aside the distinctions of Religion, Country, and Colour, to treat the whole Human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."—Humboldt's Cosmos.

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News of the Week.

It is understood that Parliament will meet on the 21st of this month, in order to expedite the preliminary arrangements, and to dispose of the funeral honours to the Duke of Wellington, before the more regular session. We have no high authority for this statement, but we have some reason to believe that it may prove correct. The Cabinet is to assemble for its own preliminary deliberations on the 15th.

The most recent manifestations are far from being favourable to the position of Ministers. Lord John Russell's Perth speech has told very favourably for his pretensions; although it is as yet unsupported by any corroborative manifesto from colleagues; and we know that some of his friends are expressing grave doubts whether he meant all that has been inferred; and if he did, whether the more "Moderate" of the Liberal party would go with him. Some of these Moderate gentlemen are in a ludicrous position, half disclaiming their own leader, and half annoyed at the sudden echo of favour with which the public accepts his speech. The opposite extreme of the Liberal party is in a state of amused suspense, waiting to see how Lord John will follow up his challenge on behalf of the "Democracy," and quite ready to laugh very heartily if he should fall back from the effect of his own eloquence.

According to rumour various new combinations are intended or sought. Lord Dalhousie is to be recalled from the Governorship of India to be Governor of the Cinque Ports, and some Peelites Duke is to take his place. We do not believe the story at all as it is supposed to relate to the Duke of Newcastle; who is a really upright man, and not at all likely to fall in with any party intrigues. Another idea, also shallow, is, that Lord Palmerston is about to join the Derby party in some new combination; but it would be a surprise if he were to enter into a losing game.

And all the while Ministers and their friends are keeping up the spirits of their party after their own peculiar fashion. Mr. Robert Palmer assures the agriculturists of Berkshire that Ministers will take measures for the general prosperity of the country, and that in those measures the agriculturists will not be forgotten; "at least," adds Mr. Palmer, "at least, such is my hope!" And Mr. William Beresford, explaining away his contempt for the "vile rabble," as a local censure

specially applicable to Braintree, rebukes a labouring man at Dunmow, who cried out that he had only 7s. a week, for not having a "contented mind." "that man," cried "W.B.," "if he had 9s. would not be content, but want eleven shillings a week." Would Beresford be so? Did "W.B." find the voters of Derby so easily contented? Probably not; but the discontented countryman was only an agriculturist. It is like a scene in a farce you say: why, it is a farce.

The working classes indeed are rising to a frightful state of independence. In Manchester and Leeds the paupers never were so few; and it is the same in Ireland, the same even in the agricultural districts. Mr. Henley and Mr. Evelyn do not conceal their vexation at the love of "gain" which draws the men of discontented mind from Oxfordshire to Australia. In Ireland, the outward stream appears to augment rather than diminish. Wages will probably continue to rise, and Mr. Beresford's friend may ultimately find that eleven shillings will not content him. It is frightful to think of the independence which the common people may show under such circumstances!

We doubt indeed whether the members of the working class, assembled at the People's Institute in Pimlico on Monday evening, would have been prepared to declare their final contentment with the easy income of nine shillings a week, or even with the affluence of eleven. It is tolerably certain that the rate of wages amongst that assemblage ranged considerably above eleven shillings, and yet they were demanding the aid of public education; nay, what is worse, they received their President and guest in a manner as independent as it was friendly; and they evidently entertained a full conviction that he intended to keep his promise to them in supporting their main desire; an impudent presumption in itself, fit to be encountered only by Liberal baronets, but scarcely possible towards a genuine agricultural representative.

Mr. John Bright has taken a new stand on Irish ground. He appears in Belfast, makes a speech, adopts in a qualified sense the popular view which makes the land the fundamental question, preaches union of Reformers, and so far copies Mr. Hume as to raise the Ballot by way of a common standard. On the other hand, he departs from the Hume course, in conciliating the Irish Members with marked attention. It is to be observed that

Mr. Bright speaks after Lord John Russell, and that Mr. Hume had the disadvantage of writing before.

The election for the Oxford Chancellorship is fixed for Tuesday next; as secure a moment for the perpetration of a job as could possibly have been selected. It will be an election after the reigning French pattern: the Hebdomadal (block) Heads ape the Prefects of Louis Napoleon. Elsewhere, we have exposed in detail this open and advised scandal, which we believe will do more to shake the public faith (if any such remain) in Oxford, than twenty Commissions, even as searching as the last. The Vice-Principal of Magdalen Hall may claim the initiative in "starting" Lord Derby: is it uncharitable to doubt the unimpaired quality of his Tory zeal? The High-church leaders—such as Henry of Exeter and George Anthony Denison (that we should write his name!)—seem to have reached the bottom of their Anglicanism, and to have "brought up" in safe Tory soundings; caught, by the feigned relaxation of the management clauses, and forgetful of the warnings of D. C. L. on the accession of the Derbyites.

Lord Shaftesbury, it seems, was set up as a bogie to frighten the Puseyites into Derbyism; though the appearance of the Warden of Wadham, and the Provost of Worcester, in favour of Derby, makes us wonder that they could be so duped. The Bullock-Marsham party was completely cowed by the triumph of Gladstone, and Shaftesbury was impossible. A knot of the more high-spirited and independent Puseyites, desired the Duke of Newcastle; and Sewell of Exeter circulated his misgivings; urging with rare sagacity, that the Anti-Reformers in uniting themselves and Oxford with Derby, were "like an exhausted swimmer clinging to another that is in danger of drowning." However, the High-church dons in the country, being agriculturally minded, gave no encouragement, and were content with Derby. And what is more, Samuel Oxon, the model bishop of an age of compromise, the Free-trader-Protectionist, Evangelical-Puseyite, had been hard at work for Derby from the beginning, though he only appeared in the second act, at a "Caucus" of the party at Oriel, where he exerted all his lubricating eloquence in behalf of Derby, as the defender of that church which was "dearer to him than his dearest friend."

The Liberals, a mere handful in the University, could have no proper candidate; but if the Duke of Newcastle had been started by his natural sup-

[TOWN EDITION.]

porters, they would probably have voted for him as a sensible, straightforward, courageous man in all things, and a genuine Liberal-Conservative; and not, we incline to believe, altogether hostile to the conclusions of the Commission. No man in Oxford doubts that the Duke was ready to face the contest.

So much, then, for the liberality and freedom of thought of the High-churchmen of the Denison *nuance*—so much for their independence of the State. They call it "destruction" to the Church to oppose Lord Derby. Well! This scandal is *à propos*: it spells in capitals Toryism and Obstruction. Oxford has burnt her ships in expectation of the Deluge!

The latest private accounts of Louis Bonaparte's progress disclose the abyss of ruin over which half a nation of greedy flatterers are strewing flowers for the apothecosis of crime. A towering structure on a base of sand is the Empire for which the throne and the trappings are in busy preparation, and the palaces all glittering with a fatal splendour. The *Moniteur* sums up the frantic shouts of the functionaries, truth registers the dreadful silence of the populations lowering like a thundercloud behind the dense array of bayonets. In one town, decimated by transportation and exile, a shout of "Amnesty" is heard; in another the municipal council, who voted the funds for the President's reception, are expelled from office with contempt, and their places filled by Republicans under sentence of proscription. But the priests (with whom the next revolution will have a terrible account to settle) bless their preserver, and the Church prostitutes her *Te Deums* to the consecration of the national disgrace. Pretty stories are invented of the Prince taking the oar to row himself warm, to the admiration of the sailors at his skill and simplicity, and of his accepting a bouquet of roses from a child of five years old, who tells him they are without a thorn: whereupon the Prince takes her on his knee, kisses her cheek, and with a melancholy smile, bestows upon the child and upon attentive Europe the mild, but not strictly novel remark, that "every crown has its thorns, even a crown of roses." Such are the tit-bits of French history under the present régime. The situation becomes more threatening as the last act of the drama approaches, and the rapidity with which the man plays out his stakes betrays all the joyless desperation of a gambler.

Belgium is still under menace: and Switzerland under compulsion: the Northern Powers waive all interdictions to the Empire, save those of territorial aggrandisement: but the asperity of language against England in the Government journals, renders every *dénouement* more probable than peace.

The Customs conferences at Berlin are broken off by Prussia, and left to diplomacy to conclude as best it can. The Zollverein is, we may suppose, abruptly dissolved. The position of Prussia is so decisive and independent, that the recalcitrant States may probably find it their interest to acquiesce in her conditions before January, 1854.

The Paget affair is settled—in Saxony. The police have been reprimanded; the Government has apologized; tributes to the energy and decision of our representative in Dresden. But has Austria been called to account for her meddling? if she were, she might be as pliant under firm handling as Saxony.

The principal point of interest in the news from the West, lies in an official correspondence presented to the Canadian Parliament, between Sir John Pakington and Mr. Francis Hincks, touching the disposal of clergy reserves. Formerly, when land was sold in Canada, a certain portion was reserved for the endowment of the church. This land seldom, if ever, came into use; it was kept waste, like land in Chancery; and, interposed between the occupied estates, it tended still further to separate an already scattered population. By the comparatively recent Imperial Act, these lands were brought into the market, the proceeds to be distributed amongst various religious denomina-

tions. The people of the province, however, desire that the disposal of the land and the proceeds should be absolutely vested in the local Legislature; and the late Colonial Secretary had consented to propose a bill in the Imperial Parliament for that purpose. The present Colonial Secretary, however, declines to proceed with that bill, on various pretexts, but principally because he evidently thinks that by retaining the clergy reserves, those long-detested waste lands in Chancery, he is doing something for the good of the Church in Canada, or has the credit of so doing! Thus, Lord Derby's Government not having yet established any quarrel in that particular colony, exercises its choice in identifying itself with one of the oldest and most odious abuses.

The town, however, talks much less of politics than of the Paris murder—the manslaughter of Mr. Saville Morton by Mr. Bower, both of them newspaper correspondents. An abrupt, though it can hardly be believed an unexpected, avowal by the wife of Mr. Bower, that his friend was the father of her child, drove the husband into a frenzy; he killed the friend with a dinner knife, and escaped to England, leaving his wife to be lodged in a madhouse. A question arises, as to the custody of the fugitive, should his retreat be discovered. Is he an offender solely against French law, and is the English law powerless to call to account a man who has slain an English subject?

LORD PANMURE AT ARBROATH.

STRAWS show the set of the wind, and a certain tendency in speech-making shows the set of a party. There has been another Northern demonstration; and Lord Panmure, who, no doubt, speaks by the earl, has followed up the speeches he and his chief delivered at Perth, by a similar speech at Arbroath.

The occasion was the presentation of the "freedom of the city" to Lord Panmure; the time, Thursday week; the place, the Trades' Hall. After thanking the people of Arbroath for the honour done him, he turned to the haunting topic. Prefacing his remarks by the hackneyed observation on the great difference between England and the continent, he asked why that was so? Here is his explanation:—

"Simply because the people themselves have seen that with their growing intelligence, their increasing capacity to govern themselves and take part in the government of their country, the rulers and advisers of the Sovereign have been anxious to advance in progress, and confer privileges and advantages wherever they could be possibly and safely administered. Whether I speak to those who are Conservative in politics or those who are for more rapid progress in all that concerns our political career, I may decidedly say that it would be for the benefit of all that the policy of this country should continue to be one of progress. (Cheers.) It is in vain in this day to think of standing still. It is in vain, still more in vain, to think of going back on the road along which we have come. As well might we propose to lower all those long chimneys by which I am surrounded, and turn out all the busy bees of industry that swarm beneath them, and return to the old system of the hand-loom, as seek to retrograde in the course of policy we are now pursuing. As well might we think of putting down the railways and again setting up the old mail coach, or of superseding the power of the paddle and trusting to that of the old flagging sail. Such a change would not now be tolerated; and the question is, are we to stand still or go on? Now, my notion, as one deeply interested in the possession and protection of property in this country, is, that if I attempt to stand still I raise up behind the dam which I erect a flood of water that will soon sweep me and my property before it. (Applause.) But if I give free and constitutional scope to the stream to flow on in the manner in which it may be well and usefully directed, then I am sure that all I have at stake is safe, and I rest myself on this conviction and this opinion, that the more the people gain by constitutional and all free and liberal reforms, the less likely am I to lose anything of the stake in the country which it has pleased Providence to give me." (Cheers.)

A Free-trade digression followed, and Lord Panmure returned to the former subject:—

"Look at France. During the last few years she has undergone no fewer than three revolutions. First of all she threw off a King who lived under the old system, the old rule of France, and placed another on the throne, with somewhat of a constitutional shadow of government. Not content with that, not many years afterwards, she cast off that King and that shadow of constitutional government, and rushed into a state of the bloodiest anarchy, and all in the sacred name of Liberty; and now she is pleased to yield herself up to the despotism of one person. Her press is gagged, and every rag of the flag of liberty is torn from the pole to which it once seemed nailed. That is a lesson for us. Liberty does not consist in licentiousness, nor freedom in revolution. I believe we live under the best system of government that human means have ever

devised—where the Crown cannot trample on the rights of the people, and where I trust the people will not attempt to trample on the just privileges of the Crown; for be assured that under the constitutional machinery of the country in which we have the happiness to live, all the just claims, all the fair rights and proper demands of the people—though from this circumstance or that they may be checked—must ultimately be conceded, and with the rising intelligence of the great mass of the people of this country, the political privileges enjoyed by a certain number of the inhabitants must soon and speedily be considerably developed." (Cheers.)

"If the promise conveyed in the last sentence be as accurate as the comment on the French revolution, it is not worth much. What does Lord Panmure mean by saying that the republic of 1848 rushed into the "bloodiest anarchy?"

MR. HUME ON THE DISUNION OF THE LIBERAL PARTY.

MR. HUME has addressed the following letter to the editor of the *Hull Advertiser*:—

"Burnley-hall, Sept. 1852.

"My dear Sir,—I have your letter of the 11th inst., and I have read the article in the *Hull Advertiser*, on the importance of union among the Reformers and with the Liberal party. I admit that it is important for the cause of good government, and for the future welfare of England, that there should be a people's party in the new Parliament. You must know, from all my speeches and efforts, that I have been long anxious to see that party formed; and, further, you should know that I have at the commencement of two new Parliaments attempted to form one; but you may as soon make a rope out of the sand of the seashore. There is no common principle of adhesion among those that have hitherto been denominated Liberals, to join in the efforts which I have made to form a phalanx that would, early and late, and on all fit occasions, take the popular cause, and support measures having the public welfare in view, and tending to increase the power of the people in the House of Commons. After repeated trials, and after grand promises, the most noisy in their professions have too often been the first to desert their principles, and leave the party to make, as it has always done, a miserable and shabby appearance as to numbers. I could give you lists of deserters on such trivial grounds and pretences as would surprise you, and so frequent, as almost to deter any man from attempting such an effort again. I am not easily driven off my path when I am confident that my course is right and ought to be pursued, and I shall be quite willing again to make the attempt, but not on the principles you have laid down (of tenant-right, &c.) in the *Hull Advertiser*, as on all those matters there is such a diversity of opinion that you could not muster 10 among the 654 members in the House to unite. The people's league, or party, or union, by whatever name to be called, must agree on one point,—say ballot; and after a trial on one point proceed from step to step to other points—all important—until the attention of the public can be fixed to the proceedings of the party. But if my experience, as regards the Irish members hitherto in the House of Commons, is to be taken, the material is not likely to be of that substance to be moulded and kept in proper position, or under the influence of any leader; and any party so formed, of forty or fifty Irish, and fifty or sixty English and Scotch members, would soon have some extravagant proceeding from some of the Irish or other members, which would damage and discredit the party, and also frustrate all efforts of the party, even in the best cause. You are all zeal and fresh from Ireland, and imbued too strongly with Ireland's wrongs and her sufferings, to see anything except through that ardent haze that will sometimes surround you after your intercourse with her sincere patriots and honest reformers. Nevertheless, I shall be ready to co-operate in any measures that can forward the prosperity of our common country; and, after I have had communication with the Irish representatives, I shall be better able to judge what should be done. At present, nothing, as far as I know, has been done towards a union of Liberals who may be doubtful of the acts of the Derby Administration; and when I look to the hollow professions of those who preceded Lord Derby, and now their throwing up their cards rather than play out the game for the popular cause, by calling on the Reformers to join them, I cannot have much confidence in anything they may do to promote the union of parties. Indeed, they must, I fear, be left to chew the cud while the Derbyites are committing all kinds of misgovernment to forward their own cause and to benefit their supporters; and it will only be after a considerable time of such conduct that there can be any chance of a people's party being formed; and, while the movement must begin with the Radical members of the House of Commons, it cannot succeed until the people out of doors, and the electors, shall see the necessity of doing their part, and of giving support to the small party of the people in Parliament. There is nothing in this, or in any of my letters, that you should consider as private, and therefore my opinions, which you ask for, are freely given. Perhaps in some parts they may appear contradictory for want of the explanation required to make the allusions known. In you we shall have an honest reformer, but tell me how many editors will risk their support to a party that, as Parliament is now composed, can never succeed to power?"

"I remain, your obedient servant,
JOSEPH HUME."

"E. F. Collins, Esq., Hull."

JOHN BRIGHT AT BELFAST.

TAKING advantage of Mr. Bright's presence in Ireland, the Liberals and Free Traders of Belfast, the Manchester of the sister Island, invited him to dine with



them. The dinner came off last Monday, under the presidency of Mr. Grimshaw, and attended by numerous local lights, beside Mr. Sharman Crawford and Mr. Kirk, M.P. Of course the sole point of interest in the evening was the speech of Mr. Bright; from which we proceed to give some of the most striking passages.

After thanking them for the honour done to Free Trade principles, and to the party with whom he worked, Mr. Bright gave his views of Irish character.

"Now I am one of those who have never joined at all in the various charges which have been brought against the population of this island. I am one who, from all my experience of the people of Ireland, am inclined to believe that, with certain variations, as in all countries, and among all people, the population have probably as many good qualities as are to be found among the people of any other country (hear, hear, hear.) I don't believe that the hundreds and thousands of men who travel from the far West of your country to all the counties of England and Scotland, to obtain a few weeks' well-paid labour, are men out of which nothing can be made (cheers.) I met a number of these men the other day in the county of Mayo, who had lately landed at one of your ports, and walked across the island. I saw them at their last meeting, before separating to return to their respective homes, and I never saw a happier and more delighted class of people. They seemed to be rejoicing in the results of their industry in England (hear, hear)—they seemed to be glorying in their economy and prudence (cheers.) I entered into conversation with many of them, and I found that they had brought home sums averaging from £4. to £7. and £8., as the results of their savings of the late harvest (hear, hear, hear.) Now, nothing can persuade me—nothing at least that I have yet seen—that men who do this, and do it year after year—that men who make such extraordinary struggles that they may pay their rent, and keep their families and themselves in some degree of comfort and independence—ought not to be, and may not be, in a far higher and better position than they are to be found at the present time (applause). Probably, too, what we observe with regard to that portion of your population which has emigrated to the United States is, on this point, still more striking and conclusive. It is stated, on good authority, that in the year 1851, scarcely, if at all, less than a million sterling was sent from the United States to this country by Irishmen settled there, either to fetch their friends and relatives from Ireland to America, or to add to their comfort at home (hear, hear, and loud applause.) Well, that is a fact which, when men declaim against the Irish population, they ought to bear in mind, because it is, I think, such as has no parallel in the history of any country in the world (loud applause.) In my opinion, it is a conclusive answer to the thousands of charges that are made against the population of this part of the kingdom. I have, however, taken other means to ascertain something of the character of this people; for I have gone over a very considerable number of the large drainage works carried out under the Board of Works in the West of Ireland, and I have found that where there was steady work, the Irishmen who, at first, were not able to earn at piece-work more than 3s. or 4s., or 6d. a day, soon became able workmen, and able to realize 1s. 6d. to 2s., or even more, per day (hear, hear.) I met a gentleman, who never should be mentioned without respect in Ireland—I mean Mr. Dargan (great cheering)—and if the honours that monarchy bestows were worth much, or bestowed as they ought to be, they would not be given to the bankrupt drones of your country, so much as to the captains and generals of industry, like Mr. Dargan (continued cheering.) I asked Mr. Dargan what he found in his intercourse with the Irish. I heard that he had paid 5000*l.* a day in wages for five years together, and as he passed from one part of the country to another, engaged in these contracts, he did not carry his staff of workmen with him, but employed those he found in each district; and thus he must have got an intimate knowledge of the people. What he said to me was this—'Depend upon it, the people of Ireland want only the discipline of steady industry, and they will give as good a return in labour for the wages paid them as any people in the world' (cheers.) And I have no doubt that Sir John Macneill, and Mr. McCormick, or any other gentleman engaged in employing the people would coincide in the testimony I have now quoted."

Having thus spoken of the people, Mr. Bright was naturally led to the master grievance—the land question.

"There is a great evil in Ireland not found at all to the same extent in England. In Ireland the land is not possessed by the people. They live upon it—or rather they may be said to sojourn upon it—they walk over it, they grow potatoes upon it—they drag out a miserable existence upon it, but they do not possess it. And I believe that in that single fact—and a great economical fact it is—is to be found the true secret why the people of Ireland—or at least its rural population, has made less progress during the last one hundred and fifty years than the people of England and Scotland. We are not responsible, in our generation, for the fact that the land is not as much divided amongst the people as we could wish. We are not responsible for the great confiscations that took place from the time of Elizabeth to that of William; and I think Lord Clare says that the land was confiscated twice over during that period. But we are responsible for that during our time, we have contributed to the maintenance of laws which have perpetuated nearly all the evils which must have arisen from the confiscations of earlier times (loud cheers.)"

And he briefly traced the history of the people in relation to the land until he came to our own time, when, said he, the population, devoid of a middle class,

consists almost of abject paupers on the one hand, and bankrupt nobles on the other.

"Now, it is not an uncommon thing in the House of Commons to attribute all the misfortunes of Ireland to the famine. They forget that before the famine there were two millions of your people who had no regular means of subsistence, and that the Devon Commission speaks of over two millions who were dwelling in hovels it was a scandal for a people to dwell in. But the famine came, and after it the break up of society, and the Encumbered Estates Court, which was wanted long before the famine—wanted even when Mr. Sinclair was among the volunteers (laughter). But so it was in Great Britain. When Catholic emancipation is granted, the alternative is civil war. When reform is passed, the alternative is revolution. When eighty thousand slaves are emancipated in the West Indies, the alternative is immediate insurrection (hear, hear, hear.) And when the Corn Laws were abolished—although men were at work for that end eight or ten years who had convinced the majority of the people, still Parliament, with aristocratical opposition, did not succumb till the famine visited this island, and struck down hundreds and thousands of your people (loud cheers.) But the Encumbered Estates Court has come at last, and is probably doing more for the interests of Ireland, in giving an impulse to industry and making the country worth living in, than all the laws that were passed since the Union (loud cheers.) It is odd that, though often proposed and opposed, for Lord John Russell was alarmed, having a hostile House of Commons, and I must say that the wisest measures introduced there are most stoutly opposed by men from this part of Ireland (laughter), it is odd that now everybody acknowledges the benefit of that law. The other day I passed from Enniskillen to Ballyshannon, and on the south side of the road, about half a mile from Lough Erne, I saw a range of land, some of which may be called mountain land. For twelve miles it is in the best state for draining, in fact, it invites somebody to come and open a little sluice, to let the water run down into the lake (hear, hear, and laughter). But for twelve miles that land is nearly all covered with rushes. I believe that land, if it were put into farms and possessed by fifty owners, and properly managed would, if tenanted, pay three times its present rent, and give six times as much produce as can now be got out of it. That land belongs to the Marquis of Ely. I know nothing of the Marquis of Ely—whether he is in the Encumbered Estates Court, or whether he has ample means; but I do say that that land is a disgrace to its owner (cheers.) I believe, that, in a natural and right state of law, such a condition of things could not exist (cheers.) The object of the Encumbered Estates Court is to put the land into the hands of the people. But we still maintain a law by which land, by death, comes into possession of an oldest son (hear, hear). There is an odious system by which a man—he be knave or fool, stuffed up with pride, or filled with prejudice—may pass his hand to a deed, even just on the point of death, and decide for two or three generations what must be done for ten or twenty miles of country. That law of entail does all it can to bind this generation; the law of entail appears to me, in the manner in which it is acted upon, to bind the generation which is living to the generation that is dead, and it binds us to all the faults, the pride and the prejudices of the dead (cheers.) I would have the law of primogeniture abolished (cheers)—leaving to all men the right to divide their property as they like amongst their heirs, but if they die without a will, then the law should do that which morality alone would sanction, and should divide the property of the father equally amongst his children (loud cheers.)"

He entered deeply into the religious question, and the relation of the three churches to the state.

"Animosities, arising out of religious differences, prevail to an exceeding extent in this country. I have met with many men who tell me that such is not the case, and they point to this man and to that man, and to three or four other men, perhaps of different religions, who, they say, care nothing at all about what their neighbours think. But I have formed a very different opinion; I have been in many families, and I am thoroughly convinced that there is scarcely a social or political question which is not affected by these religious differences; and, therefore, the whole social atmosphere in your country is biased by this very thing. (Hear, hear, hear.) This country, at present, possesses something over six millions of people; you have three Churches, which occupy the main proportion of the people. The Catholic is the most numerous of these; then there are the Church of the Establishment and the Presbyterian Church, which, though numerous, are not so numerous as the Catholic. The Established Church, which, I suppose, is not much more numerous than the Presbyterian—some have stated that the latter is the larger of the two; at least, in the north of Ireland, the Presbyterian is in a very considerable majority—the Established Church has an available annual income—I will not say so large a sum as it is estimated at by some authorities—which I will take at 400,000*l.* or 500,000*l.* Some make it twice that, but it does not serve my purpose the more to have the figure greater. That sum now is worth twenty years' purchase, or about 10,000,000*l.* sterling; and that is the sum which the State actually has granted for the keeping of a Church for the purpose of its religion, and with an especial object of being a bulwark against the progress of the Church of Rome, and of converting the Catholics to Protestantism. (Hear, hear.) Now, let us dismiss from our minds any feelings that may exist there about these Churches; let us look at the matter as we would at a question of arithmetic, or a question of science, and with our passions unexcited. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) Because the time has come when everybody should get rid of passion in considering the condition of Ireland. The Presbyterian Church is similarly supported by a grant of 40,000*l.* annually, which, at twenty years' purchase, amounts to, we will say, a million sterling; and the Catholic Church has 28,000*l.*, which, on

the same calculation, would amount to 600,000*l.* in round numbers. Now, if the principle of religious liberty be admitted at all, this would seem, so far as we see of it, to be a sad sort of an arrangement. If the Catholic religion is a legal religion, and if it is not a crime to be a Catholic—and the law has admitted long ago it is not—then it appears to me that the arrangement is singular indeed; for it appears that 500,000*l.* are granted every year as a bulwark against the Roman Catholics, and for the purpose of converting Catholics to Protestantism, while 28,000*l.* are granted annually to the Catholics for the purpose of teaching men the Catholic religion, in order that they again may teach it to others. (Laughter and cheers.) Then, the Presbyterians, who, I know, are looked upon with great favour in high quarters when they do not meddle with dangerous questions—(hear, hear, hear)—they have a sum granted them each year larger than the Catholics have, although they do not form more than one-eighth of the number of persons professing the Catholic religion."

Comparing this with the Scotch Church, he continued:—

"But in Ireland it unfortunately appears that the Established Church never was the church of the people or the nation—(hear, hear)—that it never was established here by their votes, by their consent or their will, in any shape whatever; that it was established by what was then, and I wish it were not so much so now—a foreign country, and a foreign and conquering power. That Church has, unfortunately, been allied through all the time since its establishment with a course of political action which has not been considered favourable, or liberal, or just, to the greater portion of the population of Ireland. (Cheers.) It is a part of the original mistake that this country was to be allied to England by force—(hear, hear)—that we were to be two kingdoms united under one Crown, by force of a garrison holding a particular form of religion, which was prevalent in England. (Hear, hear.) Now, I am none of those who think it necessary that the people of a country should be of the same religion. I am rather of opinion that difference of sects in a country, with honest and just treatment, tends to greater activity, greater exertion and progress; but difference of sects, where the Government has held up one sect as its favourite Church, through which it distributes its patronage, and uses it only to tie that country, then, I say, that hardly anything can be conceived more unfortunate than that there should be a difference of religious opinion and a difference of Churches in such a country. (Loud cheers.) Now, what are the results? I assume that every man here is as honestly anxious for the good of Ireland as I am, who am not an Irishman, and there is no reason to doubt but that the multitude who honestly differ from us are equally anxious as we are for the good of the country. But let us, I say, look at the results. It is 300 years since you had a Parliamentary Church Establishment in Ireland. What were its objects? To conquer Ireland by, or to prevent the diffusion of the Catholic religion; or, further, to convert the followers of the Catholic Church to some form of Protestantism. Has it succeeded in any of those objects? (Cries of 'no, no, no.') Is there at this moment, through the population of Ireland generally, a feeling of affection to the Imperial Government? (No, no.) Is there a common interest felt with England? Is there not, on the contrary, lurking in the minds of hundreds and thousands of your people, such a feeling as ought never to exist, and I believe never would exist in any well-governed country? So far from our being united under its system, there are many men in this room who recollect a most formidable rebellion, which but for an accident might have had very serious results; and all of us can recollect those insurrections and incitements to insurrection which are discreditable to a Government, even though they may not be formidable to its power. (Hear, hear.) And what had the Established Church done? According to the best data, it appears that the proportion of Catholics in Ireland to Protestants was, probably, before the famine, greater than almost at any period for the last 200 years; and probably at this moment it is about as great as it ever has been during the whole of that period. (Hear, hear.) The people of England are terrified at the approaches of the Church of Rome. (Hear, hear.) You heard the uproar that was made last winter about it. You saw the Imperial Parliament for a whole session busy in doing that which they knew would end in nothing. (Hear, hear.) You have seen men from platforms vituperating the people of Ireland; and the most powerful organs of the press from week to week heaping insult of every kind upon the religion of six or seven millions of the people of the United Kingdom. (Hear, and cheers.) Well, they had had a Church established for three hundred years, with half-a-million per annum, for it was half-a-million not long ago; it still bore the same proportion to the population that it did now; and in England they have had an Established Church, with ten times more revenue, for the sole purpose, as they said, of being a bulwark against the Church of Rome. Yet notwithstanding all this, they seemed more afraid, in 1852, of that same Church than ever they were." (Cheers.)

His remedy (rather obscurely hinted at by the way, and rather implied than stated) was voluntarism, and the fullest religious liberty, the most complete equality, and the encouragement of good feeling in religious matters among men. Turning to political topics, he defended the character of Irish representatives [from Mr. Hume's charges?] and Irish priests:—

"When I was asked to this great banquet, reference was made to the part I had taken in and out of Parliament. I am one of those, sensible of the fact, that, whatever has been done within the last thirty years within the Imperial Parliament for freedom, it always had the support of the majority of the Irish representatives; and I now believe that, if there is to be anything done in the way of liberal progress in the next Parliament it would

receive the support of a majority of the representatives of Ireland. There is a great attempt making to prove with liberals of England that they can have nothing in common with the Catholic representatives of Ireland. I confess, from my observation of the Irish Liberal representatives, that I am of a different opinion. (Hear.) I am not about to justify the part that some of them may have taken, nor would I ask them to approve of all that I have done; but I must say that in the main, with scarcely an exception, the Catholic and Liberal members from Ireland, upon all questions affecting the people, whether of Great Britain or Ireland, have never been found adverse to liberty and to progress. Upon the Reform Bill, slave emancipation, Municipal Corporations Bill, and Free-trade, we always had a majority of the Irish representatives of Ireland upon our side; and he, in my opinion, is an enemy of both countries who endeavours to make it appear that there are no objects which we can work in common. Take the Free-trade question and Parliamentary reform, and see if there is any doubt whatever but that we will work harmoniously on those subjects. (Hear, hear.) Take the question of the Ballot (cheers)—and let me ask can we not co-operate on that? (Hear, and cheers.) We have heard strange things in England of what has been done in this country during the recent elections; we have been told of the doings of Lord Londonderry in a neighbouring county, and strange things of what certain ecclesiastics did further south and west; but I find that the press does not say as much about the landlords as about the priests, and yet nobody pretends that the priests wanted to make the people vote against their opinions or their feelings, whilst it is notorious that the landlords did so. (Cheers.) It might be said that the measure of compulsion on the part of the priests was proportioned to that exercised by the landlords, but it is not a fair measure, for it does not measure at all. What the priests wanted was, that the people should withstand the tyranny of the landlords, and should vote in accordance with their own sentiments and wishes. (Cheers.) The only remedy, however, offered for the evil is by the priests, and that is the establishment of the ballot. (Loud and continued cheering.) I believe that no Liberal Government can come into office or remain in office that is not prepared to bring forward a bill for the establishment of the Ballot." (Cheers.)

He wound up by declaring that Englishmen, spite of supremacy in the Church, and aristocracy in the Government, had none but the best wishes for Ireland.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LETTER XLI.

Paris, October 5, 1852.

WE are beginning to learn the truth about the pretended triumphs of Louis Bonaparte in the South. He has been everywhere received with the coldest and most disdainful silence. The authorities display a formidable *mise en scène*: all that bears an official or semi-official character is forced to throng the passage of the hero, but there begins and ends the pretended population, rushing to welcome the "Prince" with acclamations. Not only the public functionaries of every kind and grade, not only the magistracy of the towns, not only the district judges and the country priests, but even every local tax-gatherer, down to the *very rats de cave*, (excise-men,) the custom-house officers, the foresters, the rural police, are summoned to attend. All the municipal councils in every department are convoked. At Marseilles the societies of mutual assistance were forced to join the *cortège*. So it has been with the old soldiers of the Empire; all grouped, disposed, arranged like a stage procession, to produce effect. But, unfortunately, the enthusiasm has been wanting; the slaves who swell the triumph, and throng the victor's car, remain silent, and the crowd of gazers follow their example. At a given moment, even the slaves avenge themselves. At Marseilles, with its population of 100,000 souls, and about 12,000 rich merchants, only twenty men of good will could be found to serve as an escort of honour to Bonaparte. Besides, the municipal council, which had voted funds for the reception, was convened to vote an address, and rejected by a large majority the complimentary address proposed by the Mayor. At Roanne, where, according to the *Moniteur*, the enthusiasm exceeded all bounds, the municipal elections have just taken place. The members composing the municipal council which had received Bonaparte, were rejected by an immense majority, and replaced by men of the opposition; and the mayor, M. André Fauvel, whose daughter had presented a bouquet to the President, replaced by a republican; a man politically condemned, and restricted to residence (*interné*) at Roanne.

At Montpellier, where, according to the *Moniteur*, Bonaparte was received with the liveliest enthusiasm, out of 13,000 electors, only 1250 came forward to vote for the candidates of Government: the remaining 10,050 electors abstained from voting altogether.

Neither at Marseilles, Toulon, nor Montpellier, did the population join in the shouts of the functionaries eager for promotion. Indeed, the real population is carefully kept out of the way. Everywhere the passage of the President, and the approaches of the streets, are barred by lines of soldiers. The hero can only be seen from a distance. As this extravagance of precaution

is observed, the gazers remain silent and thoughtful. The soldiers themselves look gloomy and depressed, and raise no shout.

At Toulon, the mode of reception to be pursued by the fleet had been pre-arranged with excessive particularity. Even the shouts had been regulated beforehand: the officers and crews were to shout *Vive Louis Napoleon!* When Bonaparte passed the ship's companies in review, the officers alone shouted, to give the signal to the crews: but the crews maintained an obstinate silence. We hear that Bonaparte made a horrible grimace at this reception.

His progress continues. He returned from Toulon to Marseilles on the 29th ult., and set out again on the 30th for Aix. On the first of this month he was at Montpellier, where he went to the Cathedral to receive the incense of the priests and the benediction of the Bishop, as usual. On the 2nd he arrived at Narbonne, and on the 3rd assisted at high mass in the Cathedral of that town. On the 4th he was at Carcassonne. As I write, he is at Toulouse, where he is receiving all the honours and ovations which the famous Prefect of Toulouse has been so long preparing—namely, the mayors of all the communes of his department, with deputations, and banners, and drums, and hautboys, crowned with flowers. To-day, too, he is to witness a representation of the great Battle of Toulouse.

Throughout his journey this pale copyist of the Emperor launches his decrees. Napoleon the Great dated from Berlin the Continental Blockade, from Moscow the organization of the *Théâtre Français*: Napoleon the Little dates from Grenoble a decree on the rural police (*gardes champêtres*); and at Marseilles, without consulting Ministers or Budget, he decrees a sum of 2,500,000 francs (100,000*l.*) for rebuilding the Cathedral of that city. Really this gentleman disposes of French money as if it were his own. On the occasion of this donation, being complimented by the Bishop, Bonaparte replied, "that his Government was the only one that had not made of religion a political instrument." It is true, that while he was making this voracious reply, the *Moniteur* was informing us that "all the allocations addressed to the Prince by the municipal authorities, and by the clergy, tended to the transformation of the powers held by the Elect of the People."

Au reste, this transformation goes bravely on. The reconstruction of the throne at the Tuileries is completed. Most active preparations are being made in that palace for the reception of the conquering hero on his return. More than 2000 workmen are now employed in restoring the palace to a fit state to be inhabited by "HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS." A triumphal entry into Paris is in contemplation, such as was never witnessed, even here. Unfortunately the city is quite exhausted of its funds.

Instead of returning to Paris on Friday, the 15th inst., Bonaparte will not re-enter the city before Sunday, the 17th, in order that there may be a larger concourse of people on his passage. He is to arrive, about ten o'clock in the morning, at the Terminus of the Orleans Railway, and from thence proceed direct to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where a *Te Deum* will be chanted. Thence he will proceed along the Quays to the Champs Elysées, through an uninterrupted double line of troops. The National Guards of Paris and the *banlieue* will be under arms. There the famous *mise en scène* of the Departments will be repeated. All the municipal councils of the Department of the Seine, with drums and banners at their head, will be assembled. Young girls will present flowers, the soldiers will present arms; the priests will throw incense, and there will be a salute from the artillery. Some say that immediately after the ceremony Bonaparte will be installed at the Tuileries; others that he will go to St. Cloud, where a second triumphal entry will take place in the presence of deputations from all the communes of the Department of the Seine et Oise. This mania for triumphs is becoming sheer insanity in Bonaparte.

At all events, the Senate will be convoked at the end of the month, to declare that the unanimous desire of the population is the Empire, with Louis Bonaparte as Emperor. The question now is, how long will this ridiculous parody of the Empire last? Will the imperial restoration be more fortunate than the royal? Will it be followed, as was the elder monarchy, by an Empire of the younger branch? If it should not be so, it certainly will not be the fault of Napoleon-Jérôme. He is intriguing in every direction, feeling his way, digging the ground, indefinitely. Or will the awakened people, in the day of their wrath, sweep away all these mountebanks, with all the gewgaws of their imperial comedy? This last is the most likely hypothesis. In the meantime, everything is making ready for the *dénouement* of the comedy. Already a saddler has received an order to have the imperial arms engraved on all the harness of Bonaparte's household.

Pieces of money with the imperial effigy are already coined. Many of the names selected for the resuscitation of the imperial dignities are already mentioned. M. Baroche is to be the Arch-Chancellor, with the Elysée for his residence. The entire press, with the single exception of the *Moniteur*, will be suppressed. Universal suffrage itself will almost cease to be consulted. The legislative corps will be modified, and the tribune suppressed. No new editions of such a speech as M. de Montalembert's will be tolerated: the Legislature will be strictly a corps of mutes.

Happily, indeed, Bonaparte, with all his decrees, cannot decree us a *one-armed* people; and the day will come when we shall recover the use of both.

It would appear by the *Journal le Frankfort* that the European Powers are disposed to let the Empire pass without a protest, on the sole condition that Bonaparte respect (what remains of) the territorial arrangements of the treaties of 1815. Napoleon the Little is to accept Waterloo! That will be curious and piquant enough! He contents himself with parodying the big phrases of the Emperor. The other day, at Marseilles, it was, "The Mediterranean should become a French lake." One of these days he will halt on the Place de la Concorde, and, pointing to the peaceful obelisk of Luxor, he will exclaim to his soldiers, "From the summit of this obelisk," &c. &c.

They do, indeed, contemplate the army; and they behold our soldiers massacring their defenceless brethren in the name of discipline, and receiving the honours and pay of a campaign for that glorious service!

The attitude of the population begins to cause some uneasiness to Bonaparte and his adherents. All the rigorous measures of December are resumed. In every department persons confined to certain districts (*internés*) are suddenly torn from their homes and deposited on the frontier, if not transported to Algeria. Fresh arrests are taking place in Paris and in the provinces. A number of workmen, suspected of more than commonly ardent republicanism, are driven out of Paris. Numerous domiciliary visits take place in the towns and villages. We are living under the *loi des suspects* of 1793. The other day the house of Pilhes was absolutely besieged because it was known that Aristide Pilhes, the ex-representative, had taken refuge there. He had been condemned to transportation, and had made his escape from the prison of Foix.

The Prefect of Vaucluse, in concert with the Procureur de la République, surprised Tarascon in the dead of night, at the head of a whole force of gendarmes, in the department, and surrounded the town. They proceeded to search every house. Seventeen houses were thus broken into in succession. The minutest researches, prolonged for several hours, led to no result.

The press is still the object of continual persecutions. The *Sicéle* has been condemned to a thousand francs fine and a year's imprisonment. No one knows for what article, deserving so severe a sentence. M. Louis Jordan, the editor of the *Sicéle*, affected by this penalty, is a man known for his extreme reserve and singular moderation. His condemnation has produced a most unfavourable impression.

The Censorship is not less active. A new piece, called *Richard the Third*, was in preparation at the Porte St. Martin, in which the words *tyrant* and *usurper* occurred more than once. All the passages were expunged. What a pity it is that the censors cannot suppress *history*! History is guilty of a thousand other allusions equally criminal. Even in Switzerland, Bonaparte has forbidden the publication of Victor Hugo's brochure, on the pretext of insults against a friendly government.

The elections of Paris are over. The Government candidates (two highly respectable merchants) were returned by an insignificant majority. One half the electors abstained altogether from voting; the votes of the other half were about equally divided between the Government and the opposition. One of the electors had written upon his ticket this formidable threat: "*If Bonaparte makes himself Emperor, I take my solemn oath to kill him.*"

Another electoral fact, equally significant, was noticed in the Department of the Ile et Vilaine, at Hébignac, in the communal elections. Not a single elector presented himself during the two days the ballot was open. The official bureau, finding that no voters came forward, also declined to vote, and went away, leaving the ballot-boxes empty. This is a fact unexampled in the history of elections.

The garrison of the Var has been doubled. The frequent communications between the Var and the French refugees in Piedmont, made Bonaparte fear an invasion of that Department. In the Department of the Gironde, a number of depôts of arms and of gunpowder have been discovered. Everywhere, in fact, there are signs of agitation. The quarrel with Belgium grows

more angry. The Belgian Government has just received from a military commission, appointed *ad hoc*, a report on the defences of the country. On receipt of this intelligence, all the garrisons of our northern departments were doubled; orders were sent to the troops to be ready to march at a moment's notice; munitions of war were distributed, and every soldier received one week's provisions. To cover these preparations, a report was spread that the Belgian miners, irritated at the coal duty being raised ten per cent., intended to make an incursion on the French frontier. The fact is, that Bonaparte wants to terrify Belgium, by threats of invasion, into compliance with all his demands.

S.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

THE *Revue Britannique* states, that an application has been made by the French Government to the English Cabinet for the original will of the Emperor Napoleon, which has hitherto remained in the possession of England. Of course Lord Malmesbury could not refuse to comply with such a strictly personal request of his intimate friend.

A letter from Nismes, of the 1st instant, gives some few details of the assassination of the Marquis de Dammartin, Mayor of Uzes, in the Gard. At the moment when he was about to set out, accompanied by his son, for Nismes, to be present at the reception of the President, four armed men came up to him, and one of them discharged a pistol point blank at his breast and another at his head. His death was instantaneous. They then took to flight, and got off. It is said in the country that this act was caused by motives of political vengeance.

The *Independence Belge* of Tuesday says, "M. H. de Brouckere, summoned yesterday to the Palace, was received at two o'clock by the King. It was stated that at the close of the conference, which was of very long duration, M. de Brouckere, without overlooking the difficulties of the situation, consented to employ himself in the composition of a Cabinet. We learn that M. Firmin Rogier has asked the King to accept his resignation of the mission to Paris."

We can scarcely believe that this disgusting parody, signed by the Mayor of a commune in the department of the Hérault, can be authentic, though blasphemy of this kind is native and to the manner born in France, and in fact would not be considered blasphemy, but rather an honour to the original—especially by the frantic flatterers of Louis Bonaparte:—

"Our Prince,—You who are in power by right of birth and by the acclamation of the people, your name is everywhere glorified; may your reign come, and be perpetuated by the immediate acceptance of the Imperial Crown of the great Napoleon; may your firm and wise will be done in France, as abroad. Give us this day our daily bread by reducing progressively the Customs' duty, so as to permit the entry of articles which are necessary to us, as also the exportation of what is superfluous. Pardon us our offences when you shall be certain of our repentance, and that we become better. Do not permit us to yield to the temptations of cupidity and place-hunting, but deliver us from evil—that is to say, from secret societies, from vicious teaching, from the excesses of the press, from elections of every kind; and continue to make it more and more a matter of honour the practice of morality and of religion, respect for authority, agriculture, and industry, the love of order and of labour. Amen."

The ten days which intervened between the promulgation and execution of the Presidential decree aggravating the duties to be levied at the French frontier on coal and iron coming from Belgium were so well improved by the importers, that on the Valenciennes Railway alone 9,344,000 kilogrammes of coal and iron were conveyed in 1860 wagons across the Customs boundary between Sept. 24 and Oct. 1. This is at the rate of nearly 300 wagons per diem. The transportation of Belgian coal by the canals from Mons to Conde, and by the Sambre and Meuse, was very much greater, and effected with equal diligence.

The customs conferences at Berlin are broken up; and, though the channel of diplomacy is to be kept open for further negotiation, the Zollverein may be regarded as irretrievably dissolved.

It seems that the Customs' Union between Prussia and Hanover is in great danger of not being realized. Still it is a question whether Austrian influence is not too strong with the Court there. Austria is intent on completely isolating Prussia. And the influence of Austria is encouraged in its attacks on progress and free trade by the fact that a Protectionist and retrograde Ministry is in office in England. Were there a liberal Free-trade Cabinet in England, its influence, especially in Hanover, would certainly deter the government there from breaking the September treaty, if Prussia offered free-trade concessions as a boon for keeping it.

Military honours have been paid in Austria and Prussia to the memory of the Duke of Wellington, Field Marshal in both armies.

A deputation, consisting of the Colonel, a Captain, and a Lieutenant of the late Duke's regiment, the 27th of Prussian Infantry, is to come to London to attend the funeral.

A grand military "mourning ceremony" took place at Vienna on Thursday, in honour of the late Duke of Wellington, as Austrian Field-Marshal and Grand Cross of the Order of Maria Theresa. The whole of the garrison was drawn up in full parade on the glacis in presence of the Emperor and a brilliant staff of general officers. Not only did the officers wear the usual stripe of black crape on the left arm, but even the flags and standards were hung with crape. The Emperor has issued orders that the same ceremony shall be observed in every place in the empire where there is a large garrison.

The Hanoverian army has been ordered to wear mourning for six days for the Duke of Wellington.

The reports from the districts where the cholera has prevailed continued favourable. In Königsberg, from the 29th to the 30th ult., only eight cases are reported and five deaths. In Birnbaum the disease has abated. In Ostrowa only isolated cases are reported. A similar report is given from Ortelberg, where the epidemic has been particularly severe—one-eighth of the inhabitants having died from it.

From Posen no more reports will be made, the disease having so much decreased as to render it, in the opinion of the authorities, unnecessary. Up to the 30th September there had been in all 2,571 cases, and 1,356 deaths, exclusive of the fatal cases among the troops, which are returned at 200 more. Posen contains 40,000 inhabitants.

Guerrazzi, the ex-Dictator, continues his defence at Florence. He explains away all his Republican professions as assumed at a time of great peril, and declares his attachment to the throne of the Grand Duke to have remained unimpaired. The character of the man does not shine in his explanations.

Count Nesselrode was recently at Florence for one night only, and M. Turgot, the French ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, had arrived there.

The King of Naples, on his return from a visit to the relics of St. Januarius (the famous liquefying saint), narrowly escaped a railway smash. He attributed his escape to Providence. With how many mistakes is Providence fathered!

The removal of the body of the late Duke de Baylen to the church of Atocha took place on the 1st. The King, and all the distinguished members of the Court, the army, &c., were present at the ceremony.

ASSASSINATION IN PARIS.

PARIS has been the scene of a tragedy, the narrative of which forms the most interesting and appalling piece in the news of the week.

The actors were two gentlemen and a lady. The gentlemen were correspondents, one of the *Morning Advertiser*, named Bower; the other, of the *Daily News*, named Saville Morton; the lady was Mrs. Bower. She is described, by an excellent authority, as accomplished, amiable, and beautiful; and as apparently fulfilling in society all her duties according to the "most rigid views of female propriety." The two journalists were on terms of the closest intimacy, visiting and assisting each other. Some time ago Mr. Bower grew jealous of the attentions which Mr. Morton paid to Mrs. Bower; but mutual explanations removed all suspicion, and the two gentlemen remained good friends. Lately, however, Mrs. Bower was confined, and her time of trouble did not end with the birth of the child, but was followed by an attack of puerperal fever. For several days she was on the brink of death, and in her agony she repeatedly and vehemently desired to see Mr. Saville Morton; and the physicians thinking that if she saw him she would be calmer, persuaded Mr. Bower to request Morton to call. We now quote from an account furnished to the *Morning Advertiser*, we believe, by Mr. Bower himself:—

"Mr. Bower, under the circumstances, acquiesced in the wishes of the physician, and Mr. Morton came to his house, entered the apartment of Mrs. Bower, and remained by her bedside, with a few brief intervals, several days and nights; Mrs. Bower being, let it not be forgotten, all this time in a state of dreadful delirium, would receive no attentions nor nursing from any one but Mr. Morton, except in occasional intervals, when she became somewhat more calm. During one of the brief periods of Mr. Morton's absence [on Friday], Mrs. Bower stated that her last child, born four weeks previously, was not Mr. Bower's, but Mr. Morton's. On Mr. Bower's remarking that he ascribed the statement to the illness under which she was labouring, and did not place any faith in it, Mrs. Bower reiterated the assertion with increased emphasis, and said that, as a dying woman, it was true. Mr. Bower observed that, if he could believe it, either Mr. Morton or himself should, in less than an hour, be a dead man. She again energetically declared that the child was Mr. Morton's, not Mr. Bower's, and appealed to the housemaid, who happened to be present, whether it was not true that Mr. Morton had slept in the house several nights during Mr. Bower's absence from Paris, about nine months previously. The housemaid said that such was the fact. Mr. Bower then retired into the dining-room, where arrangements had been made for a hurried meal, when unfortunately, while Mr. Bower's brain, according to his own statement to us, was maddened by what he had heard, Mr. Morton entered the room. Mr. Bower immediately put the question to him, whether the horrible avowal of his wife was true. Mr. Morton made no reply—neither admitted nor denied the grave charge which the question implied, but that instant rushed out of the room. Mr. Bower, on the impulse of the moment, snatched up a knife which was lying on the table, and rushed after Mr. Morton, overtaking him as he had reached the fourth or fifth stair, and making a deep wound in the neck, which cut the jugular vein. Mr. Morton fell that instant, and never spoke a word, or even uttered a groan. Mr. Bower, acting on the advice of a relative who was in the house at the time, hurriedly put on an overcoat which was lying beside him, and, through the aid of a female servant, escaped by a back passage."

The tragedy occurred in the Rue de Sèze, near the Madeleine; Mr. Bower has escaped to England.

In other accounts the horror of the catastrophe is augmented by the statement that the mother of Mr. Bower was present, and that Mr. Morton was sitting beside her when her son came in.

"Mr. Morton entered the room from the outside door, and Mrs. Bower, seen, asked him to sit down. He took a chair on her right hand (her son's chair being at her left), and had only time to inquire after the state of the patient, when the door leading to the part of the apartment where the wife's room was situated was flung violently open, and Mr. Bower appeared, with his features convulsed, and apparently under the influence of the most violent agitation. At the sight of Mr. Morton an uncontrollable fury appeared to seize on him; he ran to the table, and snatching up the knife laid for his dinner, rushed round his mother's chair at Mr. Morton. The latter, seeing the movement, at once rose and flew out of the room, through the passage, and down the stairs, Mr. Bower pursuing him closely. As Mr. Bower passed his mother, she caught him by the skirt of his coat, but the cloth unfortunately gave way, and with the recoil she fell to the ground. No word was spoken from the beginning to the end of this fearful scene, nor was a sound heard, except the noise of the footsteps of the two men on the stairs, until Mr. Morton, when struck, uttered a single smothered 'oh!' and sank on the ground. Mr. Bower then, probably struck with horror at what he had done, came up the stairs, and seated himself on a little bench outside, where he was found the moment after by his mother, when, having raised herself from the floor, she hurried out to try and prevent mischief. The servant-girl, who had followed him out from the younger Mrs. Bower's room, then roused him from his stupor by telling him to fly. He then took some money, and, changing his coat, left the house. He proceeded at once to the residence of Dr. Bertin, but only saw that gentleman's servant, who declares that Mr. Bower, who was in much agitation, seemed annoyed by not finding the doctor at home. It is not certainly too much to presume, that the object of Mr. Bower, in making this call at that critical moment, when every minute was of such importance to him, must have been to obtain medical aid for Mr. Morton, of whose desperate state he was most probably unaware."

The police were soon made aware of the deed, and on the track of the criminal, but for once they were defeated.

"The knife," says the *Débats* of Saturday, "has been found. It is a table knife, and rounded at the point. The blade was bent in the middle by the violence of the blow. The commissary of police of the section of the Madeleine, having been informed of this crime, went immediately to the spot, where he was joined by several of the agents of the detective police, who searched the house, but without success, from the cellar to the attic, to discover the murderer, who had escaped, it is not known how. The sapeurs-pompiers of the post of the Rue de la Paix also came to lend their assistance. They visited the roof of the house, and of the neighbouring houses, which were also searched, but their efforts were equally fruitless. The agents having learnt that Mr. Bower had another lodging at St. Cloud, where four of his children were with their nurse, they went there during the night, and remained till next day; but Mr. Bower did not appear. It is thought that he left Paris in the course of the evening, and that he got away by a railroad; his description has been sent by telegraph to all the lines."

Mrs. Bower is the mother of four children. She was taken to the Maison de Santé, kept by Dr. Blanche, at Passy, on Saturday.

The *Daily News* thus writes respecting Mr. Saville Morton:—

"Mr. Saville Morton, whose untimely and painful death we yesterday recorded, was a gentleman of good family, a graduate of Cambridge, and a talented and zealous man of letters. He was attached to the staff of the *Daily News* from the day of its commencement—his first duty being that of correspondent at Constantinople, from which place he travelled in succession to Athens, Madrid, Vienna, Berlin, and Paris. In these different cities he passed the last six years of his life, and the readers of this journal are indebted to his fluent pen for many a pleasant description of scenes and events of interest, and for many a valuable disquisition on passing political events. He was an ardent liberal, and wrote boldly and constantly in support of political progress; he had a keen appreciation of that which was generous and true; fine literary taste, and a lofty idea of his profession as a journalist. During the revolutionary period of 1848—as after the *coup d'état* of December 2—he never allowed any considerations of personal risk to interfere with the performance of what he considered to be his duty towards the journal to which he was attached; and when, a few months ago, the Minister of Police in Paris threatened and attempted to silence the representatives of the English press in that city, Mr. Morton was honourably conspicuous for the calm and dignified, the firm and proper tone he assumed in his communications with Louis Napoleon's agent, and subsequently with the British Ambassador, Lord Cowley. As a correspondent he was indefatigable in the performance of his duties; and his most untimely death is at once a grief and a loss to those with whom he was honourably associated. He was fortunate enough to number amongst his friends many distinguished men, most of whom will forget any faults he might have had in their recollection of his warmheartedness, his talents, and his melancholy and painful end."

The body of Mr. Morton was buried on Monday in the cemetery of Montmartre.

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE CASE OF MR. PAGET.

THE *Times* of Thursday gives an apparently authorised version of the outrage on Mr. Paget in Dresden, the capital of Saxony; from which it will be seen how the property of suspected Englishmen is at the mercy of Austria, and how little ground there is for calling Saxony an independent state.

"On the 2d of September Mr. Paget's house was entered by five policemen, who demanded the keys of his writing table, &c., threatening to force them open if refused. They proceeded to examine the house, and carried off every particle of writing they could find, including 200 or 300 letters, a MS. history of the late revolution in Hungary, nearly completed, four volumes of a MS. diary kept during the year 1849, and a variety of other papers, as well as 27 printed books.

"Mr. Paget immediately communicated the affair to the Hon. Mr. Forbes, the British Minister to the Court of Saxony, who took the matter up very warmly, and at once handed in an official note to M. de Beust, Minister for Foreign Affairs, demanding an explanation of these arbitrary proceedings. M. de Beust declared that he knew nothing of the business, but would immediately inquire into it; and the same answer was returned by the Minister for the Home Department. Mr. Forbes did not allow the matter to rest; but it was not till the 9th of September that M. de Beust informed him, unofficially, that Mr. Paget was asserted to have had at least one interview with M. Kossuth; that he was suspected of having been a channel of communication between him and the malcontents in Hungary; and that his papers had been seized in consequence. As Mr. Paget arrived in Dresden about the middle of August, 1851, and M. Kossuth did not reach London till three months later, and as the proof of this fact was in the hands of the Dresden police itself, with whom Mr. Paget's passport had been deposited, it was no difficult matter to set aside this allegation.

"Owing to the continued absence of M. de Beust, it was not till the 19th that Mr. Forbes received an official answer to his note of the 2nd, although he had repeatedly demanded it. This answer contained the avowal that the seizure of Mr. Paget's papers had been made in consequence of a communication from a foreign Government—of course the Austrian—in which the following statements are made:—

"Mr. Paget is described as having been an active agent of M. Kossuth during the revolution in Hungary, and as having been intrusted with the most important missions. It is stated that after the revolution Mr. Paget escaped into Turkey with General Bem, and thence he repaired to London, where he resided till the arrival of Kossuth; at which epoch he established himself at Dresden. Further, that in his correspondence with the emigration he signed himself by a false name—John Paff, &c.

"In consequence of this information Mr. Paget (continues the official note of M. de Beust) was suspected of being, if not a member, at least an agent, of the Revolutionary Committee; and the search was undertaken in the hope of making discoveries; but that nothing having been found, the papers had been returned immediately. In spite of this assurance, the papers were not returned on the 23rd, when, after a conversation with Mr. Paget, Mr. Forbes officially denied, and characterised all these statements as *fausses et controuvées*; and insisted on the immediate restoration of Mr. Paget's property.

"On the 25th Mr. Paget was summoned to the police, and the whole of his papers and books restored. Fortunately, from among his papers, Mr. Paget was able to adduce proofs of the falsehood of every statement on which the Saxon authorities had founded the justification of their seizure. His diary contained evidence, in every page, how far he was from admiring the policy or character of M. Kossuth. His passport, and his permit to use arms, proved that he had not escaped into Turkey with Bem in August, but had remained in Transylvania till November, when he travelled through Vienna to England, with the full knowledge of the Austrian authorities, while his passport from London to Dresden was contradictory enough to the latter part of the statement. Fortunately, Mr. Paget was able to show even that in his correspondence with Hungarian emigrants he had used no other name than his own, as their letters in answer were preserved, and were always addressed in that name. With these proofs in his hands, Mr. Paget felt himself entitled to demand an acknowledgment on the part of the Saxon Government of the injustice of the treatment to which he had been subjected, and an apology for the error which had been committed.

"In the meantime, and before this demand had been transmitted to Mr. Forbes, Mr. Paget received a letter on the 27th, in which Mr. Forbes informed him that he had seen M. de Beust, who requested him to convey the expression of his regret at the delay which had occurred in returning the papers, and also at the inconvenience to which Mr. Paget had been put; at the same time assuring Mr. Forbes that the police had undertaken the search on their sole responsibility, and had been in consequence strongly reprimanded by the Minister of the Home Department."

Such has been the termination of this affair, says the *Times*; and we understand that Mr. Paget expresses himself not only obliged to Mr. Forbes for the prompt and energetic manner in which he took up the matter, but is quite convinced that it is to his active intervention he is indebted for the restoration of his property.

THE WESTMINSTER PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE.

SIR JOHN SHELLEY, M.P., presided over a tea-party, at the Assembly Rooms, Vauxhall-road, on behalf of the "Pimlico and Westminster People's Institute," on Monday evening. Among other persons present connected with the popular cause, were Mr. William Coningham, Mr. Thornton Hunt, Mr. O'Brien, Dr. M'Oubrey, Mr. William Stevens, and Mr. Samuel Kydd.

Sir John Shelley expressed the pleasure he felt at the opportunity given him to further the interests of

the people, by coming among them that evening. He spoke warmly on the subject of education, and said the time was gone by when the education of the people could be neglected by men of his class. He well remembered the advice tendered to him when a youth, by the late great Duke, that he should do his duty wherever he might be, and not to be idle, but to work, and it would confer more real pleasure on him than any office, however high it might be. He considered it his duty to be there. He called upon the Secretary, Mr. Kindred, to read a report of the progress of the Institute. Among the sums mentioned as being given since the last report, were 10*l.* from the chairman, 10*l.* from Sir De Lacy Evans, M.P., and 5*l.* from Mr. Pouncey.

Mr. Coningham spoke to "Progress," as one of the things recognised in the new Institute. He dwelt on the importance of Secular Education, and instanced the schools of New England, in America, as the beneficial results of that system. Mr. Dick called attention to the unequal pressure of taxation on the people, thereby lessening their capabilities to educate themselves. He quoted a passage from the *Quarterly Review*, stating that "the people had no cause of complaint."

Mr. Kydd said, he had no objection to Secular Education, seeing that it was worldly education, neither had he to religious education, but education must be had, and the great fact of the age was the educated progress of democracy. He could never meet with a solvent argument against the constitutional right to teach any more than to feed.

Dr. M'Oubrey contended that the people must educate themselves; that it was not the interest of Governments to educate them, that the people were not prepared to have Government schoolmasters, and that the Christianity of the present day was the Christianity of despotism.

Mr. Thornton Hunt having been called upon to speak to "The Press," said he would rather not speak to that sentiment, because that was continually before him. The subject of the evening was not so much so. He could not but remark on the great importance the education of one state had upon the other. He instanced the two Sicilies, as a case in point, where three times the people of those countries had risen up, by the action of this Government upon them. Yet the English Government failed to help them in the time of need. Ireland, too, said he, is becoming to understand herself better, and the intentions of the British Government towards her, by means of her better education. Italy could not be so were she better educated.

Mr. O'Brien, in a very humorous but not very complimentary speech, spoke to the press, and instanced the power of the press, in the fact that Louis Bonaparte would not allow a halfpenny journal to be published in France. The speeches were interspersed with songs. The chairman, in returning thanks for the usual complimentary vote, said he should be most happy to help them at all times. After which dancing commenced, and was kept up till a late hour.

MONSTER FACTORY.

AMONG the signs of our present prosperity the growth of the factory system has been cited; and among the new buildings springing up, that of Mr. Titus Salt, of Bradford, has been most prominent. We are indebted to the *Bradford Observer* for the following account:—

"Mr. Titus Salt, of Bradford, some months ago, commenced the erection of extensive manufacturing premises at Saltaire, in the neighbourhood of Shipley, with a view to concentrate his now many scattered establishments into one vast whole, wherein the utmost economy of labour may be combined with every recent practical improvement in the alpaca and mohair manufactures. A partial and—in some important respects—erroneous description of this undertaking has found its way into the London journals, and we have therefore been induced to visit the works, in order to furnish the public with a just view of their extent and importance.

"The estate on which these buildings are being erected stretches from the lower road leading from Shipley to the Bingley-road, across the railway, the canal, and the river Aire, to the confines of Baildon Green, and includes the flour mill and "stepping stones" so familiar to the numerous visitors to that romantic spot, Eldwick Glen. The part of the estate devoted to the works we are about to describe is one of the many beautiful spots so abundant in the beautiful valley of the Aire. It lies between the railway passing through Skipton to Lancaster and Glasgow, and the Leeds and Liverpool Canal, both of which will be able to convey goods to and from the premises without either cartage or portage. The area appropriated to the buildings is computed at six acres, while the several floors in the mills, warehouses, and sheds form a superficies of 55,600 yards, or 11½ acres. The mill, which runs from east to west, will be 550 feet in length, and 72

feet in height above the level of the rails. It includes six storeys, and is constructed of massive stone work in the boldest style of Italian architecture. The walls look more like those of a fortified town than that of a building destined to the peaceful pursuits of commerce. The floors are formed on arches of hollow brick, made on the ground by Clayton's patent process: the openings in the bricks being used for the purposes of ventilation. Rows of ornamental cast-iron columns and massive cast-iron beams support the arches. The roof will be of iron. The windows of large size are to be entirely filled with immense squares of plate glass. The whole of this building will be fire-proof. From the centre of the mill running northward to the bank of the canal, a distance of 330 feet, are the warehouses, which, at the lower end, are 90 feet above the water. In the angle formed by the mill and warehouses to the eastward, comprising an area of 8400 yards, are the well room and weaving shed, communicating with the several floors in the mill and warehouses by fire-proof hoists. The weaving shed will hold 1200 looms. The shafting will run in vaults under the floor, thus preserving the vast room above free from every obstruction. The corresponding angle on the western side of the warehouses will be occupied by an immense shed for combing machines, and chambers for washing, drying, and sorting the wool, and by reeling and packing rooms. Beneath this shed there is an enormous filter and reservoir, capable of containing 500,000 gallons, into which the rain-water will be conducted from all the roofs, to be applied to the process of scouring wool. The offices and store-rooms, extending to a length of 240 feet, with a very handsome facade, form the western boundary of the works, and face a new road, made by Mr. Salt, which will extend from the Bingley turnpike road, crossing the railway by a handsome cast-iron bridge, and the canal and river by a wrought-iron tubular girder bridge, 450 feet in length, to the edge of Baildon-green; thus connecting the estate on the north bank of the river with the more accessible parts of the south. The arrangement, design, and construction of the buildings are confided to Messrs. Henry F. Lockwood and William Mawson, architects, of Bradford. The engines, boilers, and machinery, are entrusted to the eminent firm of Messrs. William Fairbairn and Son, of Manchester. The engines are of beautiful design, and consist of two pairs, nominally of 400 horse power. The boilers will be constructed partly on the tubular principle, and placed beneath the level of the ground to the southward of the mill, and communicate with the chimney (250 feet high) at the eastern extremity of the works, to which is given the effect of an Italian campanile. The engine houses are situated on either side of the principal entrance to the mill; and some idea of the magnitude of these vast machines may be gathered from the fact, that the engine-bed has absorbed upwards of 1200 tons of solid stone. The engines will be supplied with water by means of tunnels passing below the canal and communicating with the Aire. Another series of tunnels will return the water back to the river when used. A branch from the railway will pass under the centre arches of the mill, at which point there will be two hoists for loading and unloading railway trucks, and two for ordinary wagons; and at the north end of the warehouses the same number of hoists will be provided, two for wagons, and two for loading and unloading vessels on the canal. The whole of the works thus described are being constructed of stone, supplied by twenty quarries in the surrounding neighbourhood, and for extreme massiveness and solidity have no equal in this or any other country. The works, to be situated between the canal and the river, are to be upon White's hydro-carbon system, and are calculated to supply 100,000 feet per day for 5,000 lights, in the mills, sheds, streets, and houses of the work-people.

"When the works are finished, 4500 hands will be required to keep them going. This will involve an addition to the population of Saltaire of from nine to ten thousand persons. To accommodate these, Mr. Salt proposes to erect forthwith 700 dwelling houses, of various classes, replete with every convenience requisite for the health, and comfort, and well-being of the inhabitants. The architects are expressly enjoined to use every precaution to prevent the pollution of the air by smoke, or the water by sewerage or other impurity. Wide streets, spacious squares, with gardens attached, ground for recreation, a large dining-hall and kitchens, baths and washhouses, a covered market, schools, and a church, each combining every improvement that modern art and science has brought to light, are ordered to be proceeded with by the gentleman who has originated this undertaking. In the *Times* and *Daily News* the expense of this gigantic undertaking is set down at half-a-million of money, but we believe every expense connected with it will be more than met by less than half of the sum named."

QUARANTINE AGAIN!

Most intelligent persons thought the days of Quarantine were over; it is not so. Some years ago the Board of Health reported the futility of Quarantine regulations in preventing the spread of such afflictions, and such an effect did the report produce upon the principal, if not upon all, the Governments of Europe, that a few months ago a congress of medical men of the highest standing, deputed by the various Governments of Europe, as well as by our own, was held in Paris, to consider the whole subject. That congress came to a decision which has not yet been formally published, but of its purport there are sound grounds for judging, in the fact that a convention was drawn up for the guidance of all Europe in matters of infectious diseases, which, it is believed, would, if not at once, eventually lead to the entire abolition of quarantine. Our readers are probably not aware of the cost of quarantine, and will be surprised to learn that a careful estimate has shown that to the commerce of this country alone the cost of a year's quarantine would exceed 2,000,000*l.* sterling. In the face of all this inquiry, the following letter to the Commissioners of Customs was issued on the 2nd of September:—

"Council-office, Whitehall, Sept. 2, 1852.

"SIR.—Official information having been received by her Majesty's Government of the prevalence of Asiatic cholera in the port of Danzig and other places, I am directed by the Lords of her Majesty's Council to state to you, for the information of the Commissioners of Customs, the desire of their Lordships that instructions should be given to the proper officers of Customs, more particularly to those employed along the Eastern coast, to examine very particularly the masters of vessels arriving from the Baltic and North Sea as to the state of health of their passengers and crew, more especially with reference to cholera; and in the event of there being any person or persons on board actually suffering from cholera, or who had been suffering from that disease within the five days previous to the arrival of the vessel in port, the said officers should be further directed to detain any such vessel under a precautionary quarantine for such period as the medical officer employed to visit the sick may judge necessary for the security or preservation of the health of the community on shore.

"I am further directed to state that the proposed quarantine being only a quarantine of observation, and established with the view of preventing the persons suffering by disease from communicating with the shore, it is not intended that any restraint should be placed upon persons on board in the enjoyment of good health, whether passengers or crew, who may be permitted to have the same free communication with the shore as if the yellow flag had not been hoisted.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"C. C. GREVILLE."

On this document coming to the knowledge of the Chamber of Commerce and Manufactures of Manchester, the following memorial was immediately transmitted to the Lords of the Treasury:—

"TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF HER MAJESTY'S TREASURY.

"The Memorial of the Directors of the Chamber of Commerce and Manufactures at Manchester,

"SNOWETH.—That your memorialists have seen a copy of a letter, dated Council-office, Whitehall, Sept. 2, 1852, and signed 'C. C. Greville,' in which the Commissioners of Customs are directed to issue instructions that the masters of vessels arriving from the Baltic and North Sea should be very particularly examined as to the state of health of their passengers and crews, more especially with reference to cholera; and that, in the event of there being any person or persons on board actually suffering from cholera, or who had been suffering from that disease within the five days previous to the arrival of the vessel in port, such vessel should be detained under a precautionary quarantine for such period as the medical officer employed to visit the sick may judge necessary for the security or preservation of the health of the community on shore. That your memorialists feel much regret at the step thus taken; they did hope that, after the honest and searching inquiries that have taken place on this subject, and especially after the result of the sanitary conference recently held in Paris, to which this country was a party, our trading and shipping interests would not be again uselessly annoyed and injured by a measure of this character. That your memorialists do not overlook the closing directions of the letter above recited, whereby instructions are given that, as the proposed quarantine is to be only a quarantine of observation, it is not intended that any restraint should be placed upon persons on board in the enjoyment of good health, whether passengers or crew; but that such persons might be permitted to have the same free communication with the shore as if the yellow flag had not been hoisted. Your memorialists hope that they construe the preceding paragraph aright, when they suppose that healthy persons will be allowed to leave the ship at once, and if so they would respectfully suggest that the instructions to the local officers at the ports should be more explicitly defined than, as appears to them, is done by the words of the letter; if, however, it be intended that healthy persons should be allowed merely to communicate with the shore, and still be retained on board, then would your memorialists most urgently pray that such a course may be forthwith abandoned. That while your memorialists would cheerfully endure any sacrifices which would effectually check the importation or spread of disease, they concur with those disinterested authorities who think that quarantine regulations are at all times useless and injurious,

whether the diseases against which they profess to be directed be epidemic or endemic. In attempting to control an atmosphere charged with epidemic miasmata they would be ridiculous, if not cruel and costly; in endemic cases they obviously tend to the destruction rather than to the preservation of life. The foul atmosphere of a ship during, and immediately after, a voyage, is itself an exciting cause of disease even upon a healthy frame; to retain in such an atmosphere a person already in disease appears to be little less than to doom the sufferer to death. That your memorialists, moreover, feel cause of deep regret in the course which has been adopted, because in recurring to quarantine now, after the examination which the question has undergone during several years, and especially so soon after the general conference so recently held in Paris, this country sets an example to Europe of adherence to antiquated and nugatory precautions which may retard for years the general abolition of a system which your memorialists know to be most costly and prejudicial to commerce, and which they believe to be more destructive to, than preservative of, life; they therefore humbly but urgently pray that the letter of the Council of the 2nd of September instant may be at once revoked.

"By order and on behalf of the Directors of the Chamber of Commerce and Manufactures at Manchester.

"THOMAS BAZLEY, President."

"Manchester, Sept. 16."

We can hardly hope that this vigorous remonstrance will have any effect on a Ministry whose principle is Protection, and whose officers propose to protect cholera by quarantine.

A PLEA FOR THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

(From the Times.)

SIR,—We have had our laugh, and a very hearty one too, at the absurdities uttered by some of the "strong-minded women" at Syracuse—at the extravagant demands made upon our patience and forbearance. Perhaps we have felt indignant at the attempt made to overturn the order of nature, and break in upon the relations of social and domestic life; or we may have been tempted to round off the whole controversy with the intuitive argument which once closed a debate upon the subject—"After all, a man is a man and a woman is a woman." But the inquiry still forces itself upon our attention—Is the relation of woman to society in all respects what it ought to be? Has she no genuine wrongs to complain of, when we have put aside the question whether she should be a magistrate and a police-officer, a legislator and a gaoler, a general and a private soldier, a merchant on 'Change and a dry-woman, a commissioner in bankruptcy and a sheriff's officer?

Single women and widows, holding the proper qualification, have votes for parish officers; why not for members of Parliament? Why should their property be unrepresented? Why should they have no voice in choosing those who shall make laws for them in common with men? If they had the right to vote, and shrunk from its exercise, they need not vote. But they do bolder and more courageous things than it would be to present themselves at the polling-booth continually, and society applauds them for so doing. Clear perception of what is right, and a conscience unflinchingly supporting the decisions of the understanding, are by no means confined to men. I doubt if women would cry out for the dark secrecy of the ballot-box. If they voted, it would be in the face of day. Give the *femme sole* the right to vote, and you would at once do justice and infuse a purifying element into those scenes of bribery, corruption, and intimidation, which are the staple of our Parliamentary elections.

But perhaps women are virtually represented in Parliament with the other unenfranchised members of society; still, have they nothing to complain of in their legal position? Are the laws set around them as a sufficient defence? The unmarried woman and the widow, it is true, hold property on precisely the same tenure as men. So far good. No father, brother, or cousin can despoil them, except with their own consent. I speak of property which is theirs by gift or inheritance; it is absolutely theirs, but no longer than they remain single. If they marry, their property becomes absolutely their husband's, or that transfer, by legal right of the husband, is evaded by the interposition of trustees. When the priest has pronounced his blessing, and she and her yet lover are enjoying the sweets of the honeymoon, her property passes as effectually out of her control as if she were already dead. She is lost in the person of her husband, or in those of her trustees. The proceeds of her settlement are nominally to be paid over to her for her sole use and benefit; but, as soon as they come into her hands, her liege lord may demand that she should deliver up such proceeds to be disposed of at his discretion, or indiscretion, or worse. Her settlement is of use only in case of her husband's insolvency, to save them both, with their children, from poverty, or in the rare case of a legal separation.

But let us grant further, that the settlement of a married woman, clumsy expedient as it is to cover the injustice of the law, has its compensating advantages,

that by it a woman is to a certain extent defended from the consequences of the unthrift or profligacy of her husband. Let us grant that a woman's absorption in the legal person of her husband makes her and her trustee-held property free from liability to his creditors, if she have drawn a worse than blank in the lottery of life, or have recklessly thrown herself away upon the unworthy. Still, what shall we say to the unpropertied woman, the virtuous, industrious, striving woman of the middle and lower classes, married by fate or folly to an idle, spendthrift, dissipated husband? And there are such. He will not earn a living for her and her children. Why should he? Well, then, she will; and she has not lost all love for the father of her little ones. She remembers the days of their courtship, and the first few sweet months of their married life; and she will work for him too, if he will let her. Such is often the prodigal love of woman. But, let her labour, let her deny herself rest, and leisure, and sleep, and everything but what is necessary to keep up her strength for daily duty—let her rejoice and thank God that she has power to gain bread for the mouths that she has brought into existence—when she has toiled, and gathered, and is looking with complacency upon her gains, considering, with joy, what necessities and comforts they will purchase for those dearer to her than her life, her husband may come in and sweep off all her hard earnings, leave her and her children penniless, and spend her precious gains upon his idle and selfish vices. She has no legal right to withhold them. She depends altogether upon the energy of her maternal will and the little remains of grace that may yet cling to the debased heart of her lord and master.

I need go no further. Whatever absurdities may be spoken about woman's rights, a deep feeling of shame must attend the contemplation of woman's wrongs; and surely the *Times* will give its powerful support to the demand that such wrongs should be earnestly considered, and at an early period, with a view to their redress, that it may no longer be the opprobrium of our laws that, being made by the stronger sex, they leave the weaker defenceless just when they have the deepest need of protection and the strongest claims upon our sympathy.

E. C.

Bristol, Oct. 4.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Queen remains at Balmoral, somewhat obstructed in her movements by the severe weather; but Prince Albert manages to go deer-stalking; and, altogether, a wholesome taste for out-door exercise has been fully indulged by her Majesty and the Prince, during their Highland retirement.

The Court will visit the tubular bridge over the Menai Straits, on her Majesty's return, next week, from Balmoral.

Ministers are to hold a Cabinet Council about the 14th, to determine when Parliament shall meet. Rumour pretty positively names the 21st of October.

It would seem that my Lord Derby has not, after all, appointed himself Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. The *Morning Herald* understands that "there is no foundation for the statement which has appeared in the papers, that the Earl of Derby has received the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports. We have, on the contrary, reason to believe that his lordship has advised her Majesty to offer it to the acceptance of Lord Dalhousie, whose absence in India may for some time prevent the actual appointment from taking place. In the meantime, however, the duties of that office will be temporarily discharged by the Earl of Derby."

It is rumoured that Admiral Moorsom is to succeed Mr. Glyn as chairman of the London and North-Western Railway Company.—*Birmingham Gazette*.

The *Haddington* arrived at Southampton on Thursday, bringing papers from the Cape to the 23rd of August. The last accounts left the Commander-in-Chief encamped near Whittlesea, and preparing to move to the grand rendezvous, the Umvani. The Albert district had despatched a contingent of Volunteers, Burghers and Fingoes. Captain Read was also moving down with a native levy, but it was feared that, from all appearances, the number from the Somerset district would be but small, and there would be none from the important districts of Graaff-Reinet, Colesberg, Cradock, and Uitenhage. A desperate attack had been made by rebel Hottentots, who, strange to say, were armed with Minie rifles and supplied with conical bullets. But, on the whole, the military accounts present the same features as heretofore. It is rumoured, that gold has been discovered in the Waterkloof! If so, the Kafir war in that direction would soon be over. "Macomo's people" would be cleared out in no time by the diggers.

News from New York, up to the 25th ult., reached Southampton by the *Humboldt* on Thursday. The

only fact of importance in the journals is the official introduction of the new Peruvian Minister at Washington to the President. The expressions on both sides were highly favourable to peace.

An attempt has been made to assassinate the Shah of Persia. While hunting, four men stopped his horse, fired on him with double-barrelled pistols, and wounded him in the face and thigh; but he kept his seat until the attendants came up, and hewed two of the assassins to pieces. Two were captured. The Shah was not much injured.

The Corporation of Liverpool have passed a resolution requesting the mayor to apply to the proper authorities, that the inhabitants of the town may be represented by the mayor, supported by members of the council, at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington.

Greenock, grateful for the long and efficient services of Mr. Wallace, her late representative, has subscribed a round sum for him, purchased an annuity of 500*l.* with it, to smooth the asperities of a poverty-stricken old age, and presented Mr. Wallace with a marble bust of himself.

Mr. Thomas Thomson, one of the colleagues of Jeffrey, Sidney Smith, and Brougham, in the establishment of the *Edinburgh Review*, died on the 2nd of October. He was one of the Clerks of Session. Mr. Thomson was, it is said, a thorough Liberal, a learned antiquary, a profound lawyer, and an excellent man. His great service was the collecting and arranging of the national records and muniments.

The Birmingham Fine Arts Prize Association have conferred their premium of sixty guineas on Mr. Edward M. Ward, A.R.A., for his picture of "Charlotte Corday going to Execution." The "Ophelia," painted by Mr. Millais, was honourably mentioned.

The French journal of Frankfort of the 3rd, says that Prince Lucien Bonaparte is at Hombourg, where he plays at the public gaming-tables with varied fortune. After his winning 150,000 florins on the 30th ult., the bank was compelled to close.

A sporting paper states that the Home Secretary, last week, gave his approval to the draft of a bill, aiming at the suppression of betting-houses. It is remarked that the measure, as approved, is calculated to give an impetus to betting, and to create a new class of offices for its conduct on a larger scale.

Miss Blair, a ward in Chancery, heiress to about £1000 a year, has eloped with a daring gentleman named Garratt O'Moore, who apparently has no fear of the Lord Chancellor. The bridegroom is the O'Moore of Queen's County. Why the "parties" ran away is only conjectured, as the young lady is only seventeen, and her parents were not averse to the match. But it was thought the Lord Chancellor would not consent.

"Prosperity" has reached the iron districts of Wales, and workmen in some places have obtained a rise in their wages.

Emigration from the Isle of Skye and St. Kilda is going on very fast. Four hundred landed at Glasgow last Friday, including thirty-six from St. Kilda.

Mr. Francis Pryor has just got up a company, with a capital of 40,000*l.* to work the Poldice and Wheal Unity Mines in Cornwall.

Emigrants are now proceeding direct to Australia from the North of Scotland. On Friday week, the *Jean Geary* brig left Aberdeen for Port Phillip, with 70 passengers, all from the city and county of Aberdeen. Another vessel sailed lately from Banff with emigrants, and a third is now taking in passengers in the Aberdeen docks for the land of gold.

Pauper emigration has been mooted at Liverpool. The *Albion* observes, that there are in the workhouse three hundred well conducted, able bodied paupers, anxious to work, but kept idle; and points out how "a voluntary rate of a penny in the pound would raise a fund amply sufficient to aid the emigration of 240 poor persons, who annually cost the parish nearly 2000*l.*" As an example, the *Albion* cites the fact, that "the balance of last year's voluntary rate has been made the means of sending out a limited number of young girls, who took their departure for the Australian colonies on Saturday in the *Catherine Mitchell*. Before the vessel had left the river, ten of them had obtained engagements as servants to families on board. They have taken out with them letters of recommendation, signed by the mayor, and with the corporation seal affixed."

We were, we believe, the first to allude to the formation of the Australian Inland Carrying and Conveyance Company, advertised in our columns of this day, and so favourably mentioned by some of our contemporaries. We observe that the erection of hotels for the accommodation of emigrants on their arrival, is not to form part of the plan, unless private enterprise should be insufficient for the purpose; and we think the directors have acted judiciously in making this restriction. The carrying business of Victoria Colony rests on a somewhat different footing, and we think it offers a very legitimate field for the embarkation of English capital, under the control of an efficient local direction, and we repeat our wishes for the success of the plan.

The great idea of connecting the Atlantic and Pacific by railway, is fermenting in many minds. The Costa Rica Company, established in London for the purpose of forming a road or railway across the Isthmus of Central America, to unite the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, having received a grant of more than a million of acres of land, in a healthy climate, with a fertile soil, adapted to almost every description of cultivation, and in the immediate neighbourhood of great mineral deposits of gold, silver, copper, iron, and coal, have conferred a most substantial benefit on their shareholders, by allotting to them, as a free gift or bonus, one acre of cultivable land for every share held by them, and to the holders of twenty shares and upwards, an additional allotment of one square yard

of building ground for each share held, in the places selected for laying out towns by the company's surveyor. This offers advantages to emigrants, of the middle classes especially, as, in addition to whatever profits may be yielded by the company's operations, they will have an estate in proportion to the shares held by them, and building lots for their dwellings, free of all further cost, and an exemption from all dues or taxes, for a period of fifteen years; while the voyage out will hardly exceed twenty days, and not cost half the amount of a passage to any of our Australian colonies. These are prospects which deserve attention from "persons about to emigrate."

Returns from Poor-Law Unions show how greatly pauperism has decreased. At the last weekly meeting of the Board of Guardians at Leeds, the following returns of the sums expended in the last week of September during the last seven years, were read. It was found that the amount paid in that week during the years named were—1845, 300*l.* 3*d.*; 1846, 380*l.* 3*s.* 1*d.*; 1847, 438*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*; 1848, 492*l.* 17*s.* 9*d.*; 1849, 442*l.*; 1850, 457*l.* 18*s.* 11*d.*; 1851, 239*l.* 8*s.* 11*d.*; and 1852, 229*l.* 8*s.* 7*d.* These figures speak for themselves. They are equally marked in Manchester. The payments for 26 weeks in 1851 (that is, from March 29th to September 27th) were 5936*l.* to the settled out-door paupers, of 2639*l.* to non-settled poor, and of 5198*l.* to Irish; while in the corresponding 26 weeks of this year the payments have been respectively 4715*l.*, 2224*l.*, and 3886*l.* The gross total has been 10,825*l.* 15*s.* 3*d.* this year, against 13,771*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.* in the same period of 1851. The decrease is 1220*l.* in payments to the settled poor, 412*l.* to non-settled, and 1312*l.* to Irish; total, 2945*l.* 10*s.* or at the rate nearly (in round numbers) of 8000*l.* per annum.

In the recently issued parliamentary paper respecting poor relief, it appears that there was a decrease in the number of paupers relieved in the quarter ended Lady-day, 1851, compared with the like period of the preceding year. In the Lady-day quarter of 1850 the number of indoor paupers relieved was 26,049, and in Lady-day quarter 1851 the number was 25,049, whilst of out-door paupers the number was reduced from 93,117 to 71,396.

Mr. Shadwell, one of the revising barristers, has decided that a plot of land does not confer a vote unless it costs £50. As this is a question of fact, not of law, it cannot be contested at the Common Pleas; but Mr. Huggett, Secretary of the Westminster Freehold Land Society, suggests a memorial to the Lord Chief Justice, praying him to dismiss Mr. Shadwell from his office.

Who will "come out" next in favour of freehold land societies? The Church of England has come out. The Reverend T. P. Dale presided, at Exeter-hall, on Wednesday, over a meeting of the "Church of England and General Freehold Land Allotment Society." According to Mr. Dale, the society "has nothing to do with politics;" "it is a commercial question;" "land is the safest investment;" "the society was as little religious as it was political; and the directors would be very sorry to lay down as a condition of admission to the society the signing of the Thirty-nine Articles." (Laughter.) The meeting declared the society worthy of public support. It was stated, that although the society had only existed six months, they had purchased two estates, at Forest-hill, Sydenham, and at Finchley.

The half-yearly meeting of the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, was held on Wednesday last, at the dispensary, Dean-street, Soho-square, the Reverend W. Charles Williams in the chair. The secretary read the amount of subscriptions, from which it appeared that the institution had been aided by contributions from his Majesty the King of the Belgians, Mr. Robert R. Wood, and a portion of a legacy of the late Mr. Joseph Roberts. Although the funds have been augmented of late, they are not commensurate with the great increase of applicants for relief. The dispensary had afforded treatment to an increased number of applicants during the last half-year. The statistical amount of the new admissions, Mr. Harvey, surgeon to the institution, stated to the meeting, were 698; and 386 consisting of cases of deafness, combined with noises in the head, and other diseases of a kindred nature. A hope was expressed at the meeting, that the usefulness of the institution would be more fully extended by an increase of funds; to which it was urged on their wealthy friends to contribute, upon the assurance that they would thereby benefit suffering humanity, and be aiding a valuable institution.

The famous *Cleopatra* was at Madeira on the 13th of September. There had been an alarm of fire; and some wood-work round the funnel was found to be actually smouldering.

M. Charconnee, a pupil of the observatory of Marseilles, discovered a new planet in the constellation Pisces, on the night of the 20th September. It appeared like a star of the ninth magnitude, and is to be named *Masilia*.

Three tons of gunpowder were exploded at the Furness Granite Quarry on Wednesday week, lifting a mass of rock weighing between seven and eight thousand tons.

Four men and one woman were struck dead by lightning in an outhouse, at Sutton Valence, Kent, on Tuesday week. They were hop-pickers.

About five o'clock on Tuesday morning week, Crieff, Perthshire, was visited with a shock of earthquake, accompanied with a loud rumbling noise like that of distant thunder. A great number of the inhabitants were roused from sleep. The tremor of the earth was not great, and it lasted but a short time.

Great damage was done by a fire in Spitalfields on Sunday. The Jews' Free School and large timber stores were destroyed, and some houses greatly injured. Some persons were hurt in the crowd. The fire among the timber lasted until Monday.

An explosion took place during the great fire on Sunday, in Spitalfields, in the house of a maker of fireworks. Some boys were then at work, a squib exploded, igniting some gunpowder, and setting fire to the premises. Two of the boys have died from injuries received.

Heavy rains fell last week in the North of England. The Great Northern Railway, north of Darlington, under water, and the floods stretched quite one hundred yards on either side. There have also been great floods in the north of Scotland, where many sheep have been drowned.

The American ship *Mobile*, was lost in a hurricane in the Irish Channel on Monday. She struck on the Black-water bank; a high surf disabled the boats; the crew and passengers clinging to the wreck, were washed off one by one during the night; and when morning dawned, and relief came in the shape of two schooners, only eight seamen and one passenger remained. They were saved, nearly dead with cold. The captain and all the officers perished.

Testing a life-boat has caused eight deaths. Eleven seamen, natives of Lytham, a watering-place in the estuary of the Ribble, set out on Friday week to test a new life-boat, pronounced fit to go anywhere and through any sea. She was a pretty craft, and gallantly bore out under a good press of sail. But, as it has turned out, the captain was too daring, carried too much, the wind rose and became squally and gusty. A reef was taken in; and while the sailors were disputing with the captain about taking in more, a sudden squall overset the boat. Five hands clung to her, but one by one they were obliged to let go their hold. The boat drifted ashore, keel uppermost, with only two men in her, who breathed through apertures in her keel.

Another of Beeching's boats, intended for use at Port Madoc, upset last week, in the Menai Straits. None of the crew were drowned.

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

Is the week that ended last Saturday 1251 deaths were registered in the metropolitan districts. It is necessary to state that the increase which this return exhibits over previous weeks is not the effect of an increased rate of mortality, but is produced by an accumulation of cases, principally violent and sudden deaths, on which inquiries have been previously held, but which have not been formally registered till the close of the quarter.

In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1842-51 the average number of deaths was 1000, which with the addition of a tenth for increase of population, and for the sake of comparison with last week's return, would be 1100.

The following are the fatal cases, as enumerated in this week's table, under the several kinds of zymotic disease: only 6 cases, two of which were in the Small-pox Hospital, occurred from small-pox, 5 from measles, 13 from hooping cough, 8 from croup, 2 from thrush, 2 from influenza, 4 from purpura, one from ague, 2 from remittent fever, one from rheumatic fever, 4 from puerperal fever, 51 from typhus, 6 from erysipelas, 2 from syphilis, 72 from diarrhoea and dysentery, 2 from cholera, while 81 were caused by scarlatina. The fatal effects of this last complaint in particular instances are noticed both by registrars and medical men.

Last week the births of 807 boys and 797 girls, in all 1604 children, were registered in London. The average number of seven corresponding weeks in the years 1845-51 was 1335.

At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, the mean height of the barometer in the week was 29.403 in. The mean temperature was 52.2 deg. The wind blew from the north-east on the first three days, and from the south-west afterwards.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 1st inst., at Wellington, Somerset, the wife of Benjamin Treacher, Esq., a son.

On Saturday, the 2nd inst., at High Wycombe, Mrs. Thomas Wheeler, a daughter.

On the 2nd inst., at Walthamstow, Essex, Mrs. F. F. Duffell, a son.

On the 2nd inst., at Seethrough-house, Brecon, South Wales, the wife of W. W. Manning, Esq., barrister-at-law; a daughter.

On Sunday, the 3rd inst., at West Isley, Berks, the wife of Henry William Cripps, Esq., barrister-at-law; a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 24th ult., at St. Peter's, Peterhead, Lieutenant Cain Campbell Kane, R.N., to Jane, daughter of the late James Hutchison, of Richmond, Peterhead.

On the 29th ult., at Duisburg, on the Rhine, Richard Nichols, Esq., of Bramley-hill-top, near Leeds, to Sarah, youngest daughter of the late John Leyland, Esq., of Liverpool.

On the 2nd inst., at St. Paul's, Deptford, Mr. Samuel Charles Hincks, of Amersham-road, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. Charles Hincks, of Counter-hill, New-cross.

On the 29th ult., at Spalding, John Hope Maclean, Esq., of Ventnor, Isle of Wight, to Mary Jane, only daughter of James A. Pollard, of Spalding, gentleman.

On the 5th inst., at Walton-on-Trent, the Rev. Thomas John Hoarn, M.A., Fellow of New College, Oxford, and vicar of Roxwell, Essex, to Martha Caroline, eldest daughter of James L. Ridgway, Esq., of Piccadilly, and Warren-house, Walton.

DEATHS.

On the 25th ult., at Shipton-under-Wychwood, the Rev. Robert Phillimore, vicar of that place, and rector of Shipton, in the county of Bucks, in the 69th year of his age.

On the 29th ult., after a short illness, at Camden-street, Camden-town, Robert Wormum, of Store-street, Bedford-square, in his 72d year.

On the 30th ult., at his residence in Blandford-square, after a few days' illness, of bronchitis, Rear-Admiral William Fisher, in the 72d year of his age.

On Friday, the 1st inst., at Pyt-house, of an apoplectic seizure, in his 80th year, John Bonett, Esq., late M.P. for the Southern Division of the county of Wilts.

On the 2nd ult., on board the *Pettinger*, in the Red Sea, on his passage home from Rangoon, Captain Allen Elwood Ball, I.N., late Commander of the H. C. S. *Zenobia*, deeply lamented by his relatives, his brother officers, and all who knew him.

On Saturday, the 2nd inst., at 70, Marine-parade, Brighton, after a short illness, Florence Emily, aged 19 months, eldest daughter of Charles E. Murray, Esq.

At Perdiswell, on the 3rd inst., Lady Wakeman, in the 24th year of her age.

On the 5th inst., in Grosvenor-place, the Earl Somers, in the 65th year of his age.

On the 5th inst., in Jermyn-street, St. James's, after a few days' illness, of rheumatic fever, the Lord Forgas Kennedy, in the 27th year of his age.

Postscript.

SATURDAY, October 9.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

ABERDEEN, Thursday Evening.

The *Prince Albert* has just arrived, bringing no accounts of Sir John Franklin. She wintered in Baffin's Bay, searched Prince Regent's Inlet, discovered a channel on the west of North Somerset, traversed it with sledges, and round by Port Leopold, but found no traces of the missing expedition.

The *Prince Albert* got as far north as Beechy Head. On the 19th of August last she fell in with the *North Star*. The expeditions had passed up Wellington Channel early in the season. The channel was open, and quite free from ice.

The *Prince Albert* left the ice on the 23rd of August, and brings despatches from the *North Star*. The officers and crew were all well.

The Davis' Straits fishery was a failure. Up to August only six fish had been taken between all the ships. The *Regalia*, of Kirkcaldy, had been lost; also an American whaler.

The *Emancipation* of Brussels states that the following list of a new Ministry is in circulation, but, it says, it cannot guarantee its authority. Finances, M. Liedts; Interior, M. Piercot, burgo-master of Liège; War, M. Anoul; Public Works, M. Van Hoorebeke; Justice, M. Faider; Foreign Affairs, M. H. Brouckere.

The *Moniteur Belge* publishes the reply of M. Rogier, to the note of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, of which the substance has been given in the *Messenger*. The reply of M. Rogier is of very great length, and is only an amplification of the defence of the Belgian Cabinet, which had already appeared in the *Indépendance* of Brussels; but the tone, generally speaking, is less conciliatory than the article of the *Indépendance*. After answering, *seriatim*, the different points of the letter of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, and commenting upon the different propositions that had been made in the course of the negotiations, M. Rogier concludes as follows:—

"The Belgian Government did not accept the last proposition of the French Government, because, from the manner in which it was presented, and in which it was to be admitted and executed, it affected, as regards us, considerations, the appreciations of which we could not leave to a foreign Government; because this proposition changed in our eyes the character and object of the arrangement of the 22nd of August; and because, in the new negotiation, no offer was made to place the convention of the 22nd of August among the elements of this negotiation; and, finally, because, in claiming the provisional vigour of the convention of 1845, we were not even given to understand on what basis the future negotiation could be established."

The Court of Sweden has gone into mourning for three months on account of the death of Prince Gustave Oscar. His Royal Highness had been ailing for some time, but was not taken ill till two days after his return from his tour with his illustrious father. The report of the physicians is very concise; they say:—"The illness of his Royal Highness took a sudden and melancholy change for the worse during the night; his strength gradually failed, and, after a short struggle, his Royal Highness died in perfect peace at 11 o'clock in the forenoon." Prince Gustave was born on the 18th of June, 1827, and, consequently, he was only a few months over his 25th year. He was the second son of King Oscar. All the royal family were assembled round his deathbed. He died gently and without pain, having been ill only ten days.

Up to the 5th the whole number of cases of cholera in Berlin, since the appearance of the disease, is returned at 107. Of these cases, 56 have been fatal, 14 have been cured, and 37 remain under treatment. From the 3rd to the 4th there were eight new cases.

In Dantz the epidemic is abating; in Königsberg, from the 1st to the 2nd, seven new cases were announced. In the district of Wreschen the returns also show a decrease.

Meyerbeer, the composer, is at Spa, in such bad health that he cannot even make use of the baths. The *Prophète* is at last allowed to be performed in Russia by the authorities. The notices of Jullien's opera, *Peter the Great*, given by the London journals, have been rigorously cut out by the Russian police censors, one of the incidents being a plot against the life of the Czar.

We learn from Vienna that an English officer has been insulted by an officer in the Austrian service. We have received no particulars, but are informed that Lord Westmoreland has thought it necessary to demand redress.

The *Epoca* of Milan announces that the Emperor of Austria is to visit Venice in the month of November, together with other crowned heads.

A fearful conflagration broke out on the 2nd inst. at the prosperous manufacturing town of Gräfenhain, at

the south-east side of the Thüringen forest, in the Meiningen territory. Upwards of 250 houses and factories have been destroyed, and only 20 houses, with the church, remain standing. More than 1000 persons are roofless, and have lost all they possessed. The calamity is said to have been the result of wilful incendiarism on the part of a skinner, who was menaced with bankruptcy, and whose calcined body was found among the ruins of his house.

A public meeting of the inhabitants of Stamford-hill, Stoke Newington, and the vicinity, was held last night at the Manor Rooms, Church-street, Stoke Newington, to consider what measures shall be adopted to press upon the Government the necessity of at once proceeding to secure the park for Finsbury.

The chair was taken soon after seven o'clock by Mr. Josiah Wilson, who said that it was of the utmost importance that the inhabitants of Finsbury should impress upon the present Government the advantages which they would derive from carrying out the plan, which had received the sanction of the late Government, for the formation of a park for this populous district.

Mr. Lloyd detailed the steps which had been taken to carry out the projected scheme. He stated that in January, 1850, he wrote to Prince Albert requesting him to allow the park to bear his royal highness's name, and received an answer from the prince to the effect that before he could give any such sanction the scheme must receive a certain degree of public favour and the approbation of the Woods and Forests. In the following March a committee was formed, and shortly afterwards, through the influence of Lord R. Grosvenor and other influential individuals, a public meeting was held, at which a memorial was agreed upon, which was subsequently presented to Sir George Grey and Lord Seymour. The memorial was followed up by various applications, and at length Lord John Russell gave directions to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests to prepare plans for the formation of the park. These plans were accordingly prepared, and a bill was about to be introduced into Parliament when the disruption of the Government took place, and the affair was brought to a standstill. After the formation of the new Government, a deputation waited on the Earl of Derby, who stated that he and his Government were as willing to carry out the measure as the late Government; but the great thing was the want of means for so doing. The object of the present meeting was to obtain an expression of the opinion of the inhabitants of Finsbury in favour of the proposed scheme, and he trusted the meeting would adopt such resolutions as to show the Government that they were earnestly desirous of carrying it into effect. (Applause.)

Mr. Abbott moved a resolution, expressing the approval of the meeting of the plan proposed by the late Government, and regretting that circumstances had arisen to delay its being carried into effect.

The resolution was seconded by Mr. Marsh, and agreed to.

The next resolution, moved by Mr. Porett, stated that every district round London, except Finsbury, was provided with a park, and that the districts of St. Luke's, Clerkenwell, Hoxton, and Shoreditch, which were but a few years since open fields, were now hemmed in by bricks and mortar, and that the inhabitants had not an acre of ground for amusement or recreation.

Mr. Lloyd seconded the resolution, and read a letter from Dr. Conquest, who stated that forty years' experience had enabled him to affirm that a large proportion of the diseases of the lower classes was to be traced to the closeness and impurity inseparable from confined residences; many of the evils of which might be counteracted by pure air and exercise, which, without a park, were wholly unattainable by persons living in such localities as those for whose benefit the proposed park was intended.

The resolution was agreed to.

A resolution, moved by Mr. Lawson, and seconded by Mr. Sandoz, was then adopted, pledging the meeting to take measures to impress upon the Government the necessity of proceeding to secure the land forthwith, as the builder was already upon the ground, and every month would increase the expense of the purchase.

On the motion of Mr. Pettis, seconded by the Rev. Mr. Garrett, a committee was appointed to confer with Lord John Manners on the subject, and, after a vote of thanks to the chairman, the proceedings terminated.

A dinner was given, on Thursday, at Wells, to Mr. Tudway, M.P. for that city. Three of the county members were present—Messrs. W. Miles, W. F. Knatchbull, and W. Gore Langton; also the Very

Reverend the Dean, Dr. Jenkins, and a large number of the clergy and gentry of the vicinity. Mr. W. Bernard presided, and Mr. J. Nicholls occupied the vice-chair. In the course of his speech, Mr. William Miles said:—

"The country had so far spoken out; they said that Lord Derby should not be put down till his proper policy was promulgated. He had asked them to hear that policy, and then be guided by it. It was very often the case with those persons who had taken a first place in politics, that they took occasion to promulgate certain opinions, and every one who was conversant with and read the daily papers must have seen that the former Premier, Lord John Russell, had lately made a speech at Perth, and he neither by letter nor speech indicated the policy he himself intended to pursue. He looked in vain for that policy; it was only to give a fair trial to his friend Lord Derby, and to hear from him what would be the line of policy, he intended to adopt. He therefore thought, so far as political foes went, that without any factious opposition from Lord John Russell, Lord Derby would be able to put before the country what really were the views which, if he continued in office, and what the line of policy, he should adopt and endeavour to pursue. That was all they could possibly wish. The ministry were now, it appeared, silent as to that. They were as well able to judge of what that policy might be as himself. Suffice it, that one thing was settled, there could be no more care on the very vexed question which had agitated the country for four or five years—namely, the question of the imposition of a duty on corn. That was for ever settled. Those who were tried and injured by that taxation had to look to other measures than the reimposition of those taxes, for justice."

As for the hero of the day, eschewing "rash" pledges, he confined himself to expressing confidence in Lord Derby.

The most important point in the agricultural gatherings of the week is, that everywhere there has been a complaint of a scarcity of labour.

Mr. Wilson Patten, M.P., is to be proposed by the Government as chairman of Committees of Ways and Means. There is some expectation that Mr. Baines will be put forward in opposition to Mr. Patten by the Liberal party.—*Daily News*.

The Earl of Derby was present at a banquet given by the Mayor of Liverpool, in the Town-hall, on Thursday evening.

The exhibition of the county of Dumfries and stewartry of Kirkcudbright union of agricultural societies took place at Dumfries on Tuesday. The show was one of the best ever held in Scotland, particularly in the class of sheep.

The dinner was given in the afternoon in the George-street Assembly Rooms. His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensbury presided, and Lord Drumlanrig, M.P., officiated as vice. Upwards of 350 of the gentry, yeomen, and farmers of the district assembled.

A new species of omnibus, intended to carry eighteen passengers—ten in and eight out—is proposed for public accommodation. The inside seats are to be so arranged across the omnibus, that each passenger will have a separate compartment, with a seat facing the horses, a space being left from end to end along the centre passage, which is to be covered with a semicircular glass roof to admit light, the roof being of sufficient height to allow of the passengers standing up. Provision for ventilation is to be made in each compartment, and the doors of the vehicle are to have perforated metal plates for that purpose.

About three o'clock, yesterday afternoon, a dense volume of smoke issued from the deep areas in front of the houses in Lancaster-place, Waterloo Bridge. The fire-engines soon made their appearance, and the fire, which turned out to be a low one, caused by the ignition of some hay and straw in the plate-glass stores in the area, the entrance to which is from Savoy-street, Strand, was soon extinguished. Eleven crates of the Tyne and Tees Glass Company's glass, and the flooring of the stores, were destroyed, but no other damage was done.

An elderly woman, named Williamson, appeared on Wednesday at the Newark Police-court, and charged a man named Thomas Freeman, a hawker, of Nonwell, near Newark, with cutting and maiming her with intent to commit bodily harm. It appeared in evidence, that Freeman came to her house in the night a short time before, and grasped her arm, making several cuts with some sharp instrument, which caused the blood to flow freely; he then went away. The defendant, being called on to answer the charge, made the following extraordinary statement:—Some time ago one of his daughters was taken ill; she was reduced to a complete skeleton, and suffered much pain, during which she frequently called out complainant's name. Recently another of his daughters was attacked in a similar manner, which induced him to commit the outrage, being encouraged so to do by some of his neighbours, who told him that if he could by any means draw blood from the complainant, who was supposed to have bewitched his daughter, it would dissolve the charm, and both his daughters would get better. Accordingly he repaired to the house on the night in question, and requested the complainant to come down and see his daughters. She, however, refused, in consequence of the scandal he had raised about her. He admitted having drawn a darning-needle across her arm, and upon being reprimanded by the magistrate, and asked if he believed in such superstition, answered that he did, and if the bench had seen as much of such charms as he had they would believe in witchcraft too. He was fined 14s. 6d. and costs.

The Leader

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1852.

Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress.—DR. ARNOLD.

A PEOPLE'S PARTY AND THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

WANTED a People's Party in or out of Parliament; and as there is a great people, one has some difficulty in understanding how it is that it cannot make a party.

The view of the practicability, indeed, varies with the notion as to the process by which it should be formed. Casting aside journals like the *Morning Herald*, which declares that Lord Derby's mission is to oppose the progress or "encroachment" of the Democracy, that he is appointed by the country to estop the people, we find almost as many opinions as there are political sections; but the distribution of hope and suggestion among them is not exactly what we might expect. While Lord John Russell, recently so tame, stands forth as the volunteer champion of the British Democracy, confident in some victory not yet clearly defined, the old soldier of Parliamentary liberalism, Joseph Hume, confesses that his anxiety to form a people's party is losing itself in his despondency. The *Morning Post* has excited much conversation by hinting at some new ministry which is to slip in between the unendurable Derby ministry and the impossible Russell ministry, the general idea being that this points to a ministry of Lord Palmerston; if so, it was a mistake in that generally active nobleman to wait until after Lord John's Perth speech. The scion of the House of Bedford has taken the start of slower men; and whatever he means to do, he has seized the right which the English people will be willing enough to concede him, of blowing his bubble first.

Mr. Hume can see no materials for a People's party; the most noisy Liberals desert on trivial grounds, and will not unite. Of Irish union he is not hopeful; some extravagant proceeding being ever likely to upset such a possibility. The men who preceded Lord Derby in office are hollow in their professions. Mr. Hume, therefore, can see no method of forming a People's party, except by taking a nucleus from a few Radical members of the House of Commons, and then agreeing on one point, "say ballot," to begin with.

Assuredly, that is not the way. The ballot, a mere precautionary measure, is not one to rally any enthusiasm. Strikingly as many men have been converted to it by the scandals of the last election, many Liberals are cool towards it, many dislike it. It has the advantage neither of being a principle, nor a positive measure. Lord John Russell's word Democracy is a better point for agreement, and, sanctioned by his aristocratic name, it might really unite all sections of the popular party. If he means anything by it; for Lord John has often opened his mouth wider in opposition than in office. The utterance of the Treasury Bench is a mincing utterance. If he only means to begin again the same tune that he went on thrumming through so many dreary sessions, the bubble will burst. On the other hand, if he really means to place himself at the head of the English people, the post is vacant.

And the principle of Lord John Russell's action is better for the purpose of a people's movement than Mr. Hume's. We say this without any bias in favour of Lord John—indeed, without any faith in him. He has so often shown himself unable to estimate the strength of his own position, that we cannot repel a warning doubt whether he may not do so again. Possibly he may have used the words with an after-dinner breadth of meaning, to which, in his more deliberate moments, he will not adhere; and he may already be astonished at the large interpretation that has been put upon his phrases.

He may be either alarmed or amused at finding himself taken for so great a man. We do not know: we only know that Lord John's friends are strong in the assurances of still undeveloped greatness in him, if he have the opportunity. We cannot presume the negative of latent statesmanship in the face of expressions which seem to indicate its existence; and, in the meanwhile, we cannot but perceive that the position is all the stronger for resting on a general principle rather than a specific measure.

The fashion of practical measures or specific points is rather out of date; it has been overdone. Experience has shown, that the most practical of specific measures, from the appropriation cause to the Six Point Charter, may be frittered away in discussion until they lose all their prestige, becoming mere abstractions, pretexts, of which the very advocacy wears its own friends. The specific measure, which was once a solid support, becomes a burden; its abandonment a relief. In the present disintegrated condition of the Liberal party, even the preliminary union on a specific measure would be difficult; and if that union were effected, yet when ardour should be wanted, the supporters would drop off, and the organization would be added to the long list of failures which have become bywords. But all can agree upon a general principle, such as the principle that the whole body of the people should be admitted—nay, summoned, to co-operate for the interest of the whole. In the conflict of parties which have torn each other to tatters, the interests of the nation have been forgotten; but it is the nation whose interests now most especially demand vindication, when a menace lowers upon all quarters of the horizon abroad, when large masses of the people are yearly departing from their native land to seek a new allegiance in the most distant climes, and when the conduct of public affairs has been handed over to the most miserable faction within the three kingdoms.

We say the most miserable advisedly, for even the Orange faction in Ireland means something.

There is not an Englishman, the life-blood of whose heart might not again warm at hearing the leading statesmen once more proclaim that they intended to act on behalf of the nation. If once a movement were commenced in that spirit, and with that object, by whomsoever the march should be begun, no class could restrain itself from falling in; and woe betide the clique that should pretend to cross the path of its victory.

If such a movement were to commence, most certainly the Parliament could not stand in its way. Whether the Parliament were old or new, the popular move would have an inherent power superior to that of any mere combinations of persons or numbers. Who should have arranged beforehand to go into the lobby with Lord This or That would matter very little. Such arrangements or cliques would fall to pieces before the stronger party, unless they fell in with the march. The new Parliament would have to make itself the instrument of such a power, or it would be broken to pieces before the progress. It is in the spirit of leading men, and the public at large, that the essential life of such a party must be found. If it is not found there, it will not be discovered in Parliament. If it is found there, the Parliament must help, or it must give way to a people-made Parliament.

THE TRUE DEMOCRACY.

At Arbroath, Lord Panmure copies his chief, Lord John Russell, at Perth; only, taking up the ideas of another with the hand of a copyist rather than a master, he enfeebls the excellencies and exaggerates the faults of his original. He moralizes the recent history of France, as thus:—

"During the last few years she has undergone no fewer than three revolutions. First of all she threw off a King who lived under the old system, the old rule of France, and placed another on the throne, with somewhat of a constitutional shadow of government. Not content with that, not many years afterwards, she cast off that King and that shadow of constitutional government, and rushed into a state of the bloodiest anarchy, and all in the sacred name of Liberty; and now she is pleased to yield herself up to the despotism of one person. Her press is gagged, and every rag of the flag of liberty is torn from the pole to which it once seemed nailed. That is a lesson for us. Liberty does not consist in licentiousness, nor freedom in revo-

lution. I believe we live under the best system of government that human means have ever devised—where the Crown cannot trample on the rights of the people, and where I trust the people will not attempt to trample on the just privileges of the Crown; for be assured that under the constitutional machinery of the country in which we have the happiness to live, all the just claims, all the fair rights and proper demands of the people—though from this circumstance or that they may be checked—must ultimately be conceded, and with the rising intelligence of the great mass of the people of this country, the political privileges enjoyed by a certain number of the inhabitants must soon and speedily be considerably developed."

He does not do it so well as Lord John. With uncertain hand he dashes off the Democratic phrases in a style of much less zest and fire in the language.

Let the rights of the people be just and proper, and then, though they may be checked, yet the political privileges—not of the people but—those enjoyed by a certain number of the inhabitants, must soon and speedily be—"enjoyed by all," would appear to have been on the speaker's lips, but, with a sudden recollection of Downing-street, he rounds the sentence off with this lame and impotent conclusion—"must be considerably developed." The political privileges of a certain number shall be developed. This is poor promising, but evidently Lord Panmure does not know what he is talking about.

His allusion to France proves as much. According to his account, France, not content with a constitutional shadow of government, or shadow of constitutional government—for Lord Panmure uses the two expressions—rushed into a state of the bloodiest anarchy. When? Not certainly in February, when the insurgents set an example of moderation and clemency, which shames the subsequent horrors of reactionary triumphs; nor yet in June, when the mass of the people came out to support the real Republic, united under the national mono-coloured flag against the moderate Republicans, who appeared to be compromising with the anti-republican and anti-national factions, and under whose timorous incompetency the reaction had first taken shelter.

It was the vacillating and anti-popular conduct of that so-called "moderate" party which had balked the people with negations instead of positive acquisitions. So far as the two speeches go, there is the same distinction between Lord John and Lord Panmure that there was between the moderate Republicans of Paris and the "Red" Republicans. By the "Red" Republicans, we mean the great body of the popular party in France which was prepared to stand up for the Republic, with all the legitimate and necessary consequences of that most national form of government, and not that small section of terrorists, who distorted the tenets of their own side, earned for themselves a sanguinary distinction, and have too commonly monopolised, amongst indiscriminating writers in this country, the title of Red, as if red (the colour of our English ensign) were essentially the banner of anarchy and blood.

For that section we have no qualification to the censure which we passed upon it in a recent number: we know the men by their works, as the tree by its fruit. We have watched their antics before and behind the curtain of the evolutionary drama; for to them the Revolution is a drama, and nothing more; for them '93 was the apogee of humanity; for them the terrible convulsions of that epoch are political institutions, to be revered and restored. It is all a *mise en scène*. One stage-struck fanatic thinks himself a future Robespierre; a second would ape St. Just; a third undertakes the part of Danton; a fourth, enamoured of the memory of Marat, sty's himself, *L'Ami du Peuple* (Heaven save thy people from such friends!); and a fifth bespatters you with the savage blasphemies of *Père Dèchêne*.

These are the men who disgrace the Revolution, retard the popular victory, and do the work of the reaction. Are honest working men, who desire the triumph of the democratic cause for the sake of all its just and necessary fruits of enfranchisement, to be confounded with a clique of fanatics in Phrygian caps, with daggers in their belts? But in speaking of this section as a contemptible minority, we sufficiently distinguished them from the mass of the "Red Republican" party. If the French democracy had not outgrown this plagiarism, how could it condemn Louis Bonaparte for committing the excesses it exalts

into a principle of government, and for parodying the Empire as it burlesques the Republic?

Enjoying, as we have done, and as we hope still to do, the confidence of those Republicans who spoke for their nation nationally, we cannot sufficiently express the indignation which we have experienced in seeing the true Republic sink between the spectre rouge and that red-handed despotism which rose up to contend for possession of the national soil with that red spectre.

The distinction between the Moderate Republicans and the Real Republicans was, that the latter had positive ideas and positive intentions, the Moderates negative ideas and trimming intentions. Permitted to act for a time in the name of the Republicans, the Moderates acquired the opportunity of betraying their party and their nation.

THE CHANCELLOR SCANDAL AT OXFORD.

Is the antechamber of death the voice of wrangling sounds harshly. The survivors are sweeping up the succession, and sorrow makes room for intrigue; a family swindle is being accomplished over the body of the beloved testator, scarcely cold.

The following paragraph appeared in the *Times* of Monday last, under the head of "University Intelligence":—

"OXFORD, OCT. 2.

"THE ELECTION OF CHANCELLOR.

"A Convocation will be held on Tuesday, the 12th inst., at twelve o'clock, for the election of the Chancellor of the University, in consequence of the lamented decease of his Grace Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington.

"F. C. PLEMPTEE, Vice-Chancellor."

As this notice is of a nature to amaze many who, never having been initiated into the ethics of the University Convocation, have some regard for the common decencies of common men, we desire to lay before our readers an exact, unadorned recital of the proceedings to which it relates.

Almost before the breath was out of the Duke's body, before the entire nation was aware of the national loss, Oxford was astir in college and hall, and secret conclave, to discount a death so opportune for party purposes, and to surprise the good faith of the absent into compliance with the insolent dictation of a knot of magnates. The contest that occurred in July, when it was attempted to oust Mr. Gladstone, had occasioned the subject of a new Chancellor to be talked of even when the Duke's death was still considered a distant event. The names in especial favour were the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Harrowby. Lord Ellesmere would have been preferred by a certain number, but his actual supporters were too few to make his candidature serious. The *élite* of the University, in learning, character, and position, were mainly for the Duke of Newcastle, believing him to be the strongest man for difficult times, and as a liberally conservative politician, a consistent advocate of that wise and temperate University reform which all but a few impracticable bigots know to be instant and inevitable.

Now, we spoke of the opportuneness of the Duke's death for the operations of the impracticables. In the depth of the long vacation, when all the life, and mind, and movement of Oxford was scattered abroad over the face of the earth in search of ideas and adventures, and only a few dignitaries of that venerable council, composed of heads of houses, and known as the Hebdomadal Board, were left to fossilize at home, nothing was easier or more congenial to canonical Toryism than to put up Lord Derby, the Tory Premier and dispenser of sees and demerits. There was scarcely a man of energy and independence to oppose this indecent dictation. One, indeed, Mr. Sewell, the liberal and accomplished high-churchman, was at hand to vindicate the better sense of better men. Meetings were held under his auspices, and so general was the inclination to support the Duke of Newcastle, that a deputation was sent to Clumber to ascertain his wishes. On the very day the deputation was despatched a new visitor appeared on the scene—no less a personage than Samuel, Bishop of Oxford. This eminent courtier, the type of an Anglican mitre adapted to the nineteenth century, half earnest dilettantism, half deprecatory compromise, had been advised of what was doing by some men whom he was or-

daining. No time was to be lost. He was well aware that of the few true men then in Oxford some of the more influential were his own clergy, to whom, while he professed to speak as an *academius*, his words would really be those of their Bishop. Last Monday week, then, escorted by two chaplains, he appeared at a small meeting held at Oriel, and with his blandest and suavest accents of persuasion he cautioned the Church, which was far dearer to him even than his dearest friend, not to offend the Earl of Derby, and he confessed that the clergy *unhappily were Protectionists*. So he counselled them to avoid splitting Church party, and then and there to decide all for the Earl of Derby. Such were the tactics and such the eloquence of Samuel Oxon in the absence of the man of all others most fitted to cope with this courtier Bishop of the Church acquiescent. The effect was at once to dissolve the High Church feeling for the Duke of Newcastle, and to throw several names into the Derby ranks.

That same evening an active man of the High Church party, conversant with the poll-book, arrived in Oxford, disposed to the Duke of Newcastle, but timorous. He heard of the Bishop's advent and advice, doubted, and decided to follow the Bishop into the ranks of Derby. Now came in the more political High Churchmen, and in two days most of the leaders of sections were gained. The list had run up to six hundred names, and the leading advocates of the Duke of Newcastle would give small support to the few who were ready to venture even a hopeless contest, if only as a protest against the lamentable committal of the University to Downing-street.

It is clear that the inopportune season, and the short period (not a month) before Term, for the election, have made Lord Derby's chance a certainty. In Term the candidates would have been warmly discussed, and would have started fair. It is not too much to say that the Duke of Newcastle would have had the better chance. The University would certainly have been with him, though perhaps the country parsandom would have rushed to the banners of the Protectionist Premier. Certain it is that all the soundest and truest portion of the University prefer, and confess to prefer, the Duke of Newcastle; and they scout the absurdity of Derby being a "High Churchman," as they do the unworthy pretext of conciliating his good graces to the Church.

Now it is, of course, too late for any force of public opinion, brought to bear from without on this gross scandal, to affect the result of an election, which is fixed for a day, of all others the most convenient for its secure perpetration; for, as a correspondent of the *Daily News* very truly says, it is never so difficult to bring men up to the University as within a few days of term, when it is too soon to come up, and too late to go back again. But we cannot let slip the occasion of moralizing the truth and spirit of the scandal. It throws a sudden glare of light on the obstinate tendencies of that obsolete House of Heads who monopolize the government of the University. For our own part we do not regret this scandal; no, not even as wishing Oxford well. We believe that what has happened is for the best, and that it is well that this spectacle of an unopposed election of the Lord of Downing-street should be given to the world. We find High Church (with the exception of a very few men of exceptional conscience) allied with Low Church on the common ground of hostility to reform. Who would be the strongest antagonist to the University Commission was their only thought. The literary fitness of the man, or his power and inclination to attend to University matters, was nothing. Political and theological considerations did the rest.

But the saddest fact connected with this business—and it is a fact, not hearsay—is, that in the very front of the Oxford Derbyites, not drawn into the intrigue by persuasion, but ostentatiously taking up their position, we find the Bishop of Exeter and Mr. Archdeacon Denison. Having advocated the right of the Church to convocation, because we believe it is a right, we are pained to see men whom we held to be consistent, and devoted to their principles, thus selling their birth-right for a mess of pottage. The Bishop and his ally have leaped into the arms of Erastianism at the first temptation.

The State Dalilah, it seems, had only to simper and they were caught. Lord Derby modified the management clauses, and George Anthony

Denison, no longer staunch and brave, forgot in one moment his high principles—forgot his love for the Church—forgot his really noble position, and fell headlong into the snare. With what face can he now demand from Lord Derby the right of the Church to manage her own affairs? With what face can he any longer assert that the House of Commons is not a fit body to enact laws for the Church, when he has championed the Apostle of Compromise?

But not only in this Oxford business has he, who seemed the Bayard of his party, forgotten the safeguards of that party. Was it as churchman or as layman that Mr. Denison hoisted the flags of Miles and Knatchbull on the tower of East Brent; accompanied voters to the poll, and stood by while they voted—careful lest one should stray to the advocate of Church principles, Arthur Hallam Elton! We have fought on behalf of the Church, because we believed that at last there was a party among her professed servants who were resolved to be true and take the consequences. Were we deceived? Is honesty among a priesthood impossible? It would seem so; and as far as our humble, but single-hearted efforts are concerned, it will take but a few more exhibitions like those at East Brent and Oxford to make us give up the advocacy, and conclude that honest, consistent conduct in regard to the carrying out of what are called Church principles, is a moral impossibility for Churchmen.

A "WARNING" FROM SHOE LANE.

WE are "warned;" not by a French prefect, certainly, but by some one high in the confidence of M. de Persigny—a counsellor of the *Morning Herald*, and of Lord Malmesbury. He signs himself, "John Bull Slick;" and to him the columns of the ministerial journal are always open. We treat the matter seriously; for here is an organ of the Government printing a direct appeal to the cowardice of the British nation; and "warning" us, one and all, to adore M. Bonaparte, or else—

Bombastes Slick says: "Now, mark my words; Louis Napoleon will be Emperor of the French before Christmas;" and he proceeds to tell us how the imperial crown will be obtained. "He will put the question to the people to vote on it by ballot, and he will be elected Emperor, by eight millions." This is definite information; and shows that the writer is in the secret—an accessory before the fact—a proof before the letter.

Not satisfied with announcing the portentous change, he gives us his view of the reason for it: "The French nation wishes for order, and for the security of life and property;" which Bombastes thinks they will get from the author of the massacres of December, and of the decrees confiscating the Orleans property; the French nation preferring to live under the "despotism of one man," rather than be "plundered and massacred by the blood-thirsty Socialists," who, by the way, did not confiscate any property, and who abolished death punishment.

"Barring assassination," continues the ministerial ally, "the French see the prospect of stability for a time," as "clearly, the time is not yet come for the restoration of the Bourbons," defined as "the legitimate chief, Henry Cinq."

This is pretty plain reading. But B. Slick, mounting upon the high horse, describes at a gallop the wonderful works of M. Bonaparte. We thought we were prosperous; but evidently France is the land of felicity.

"The railway system has received an impetus unexampled, quite astonishing. The improvements in Paris are wonderful; no city will be able to compete with it; new streets, new bridges, the Boulevards and quays macadamised; the octroi reduced; fifty millions of francs borrowed by the Provisional Government from the Bank of France paid off; the palaces restored and beautified; funds high, and the Bons de Tresor rising; besides which [and here is the sting for us; here are the reasons why we should fall down before M. Bonaparte] a powerful steam-fleet is building—what its future employment may be is a very serious question. I assure you Britishers it is high time you set your national defences in order, as the Duke of Wellington told you. It is impossible to foretell what step the new Emperor may be compelled to take, in order to manage that Colossus, the French army—a dashing, enterprising set of men, ready for anything, and who must be employed."

Putting on the tragic airs of a Cassandra

J. B. Slick follows this up by the thrilling exclamation,—"Yet this is the man, *all powerful*, at the head of a nation, burning to 'vengeur Waterloo,' that a portion of the English press vilifies and abuses almost daily!" For the "safety of our country" we are insolently told "to mind what we are about." "Louis Napoleon, Emperor, is not a man to be insulted with impunity." No; he is a "determined person;" by "holding him up to execration you peril his life." If the French choose him for their Emperor, "what the devil is it to you?" All parties in France are disgusted at our abuse of him, and—"it's truly dangerous to aggravate such a nation;" then, lugging in a kindred spirit, he says, "You can neither write down or put down Lord Derby, or Louis Napoleon." We are, it seems, playing with edge-tools; we are "doing a monstrous (read monstrous) dangerous thing." Napoleon the Great broke the peace of Amiens because he could not stand the criticism of the English journals of that day; and, says Bull Slick, after delivering that choice morsel of historical criticism, "*perhaps* through your senseless rancour you will compel" Napoleon the Little "to break the peace of Paris, and give England another twenty years' war."

Our readers will have foreseen that the ministerial champion of British cowardice has been verging rapidly to a climax; and we hope they are now prepared for this terrific peroration.

"England is vulnerable, and no mistake—and it is easy for Louis Napoleon to find out the sore place, if he is driven to act hostilely. The British press is goading him to do so. Louis Napoleon is supported by the French Romanist clergy. Irish Romanist bishops are proceeding to Paris—for no good to England, beyond a doubt. Ireland, under present circumstances, ruled by priests, is one of England's sore places—1798 may be re-enacted."

"Suppose a French force made a dash at Liverpool and Manchester, and sacked them both—which could be done in no time, the inhabitants would have to thank the press for their ruin; nay, more, London itself might be sacked; there is very little to prevent such a catastrophe. The red coats have been seen in Paris, and the French forget it not. I hope we shall never live to see the tricolor of France planted in Printing-house-square."

The last hypocritical wish is terrible in its bathos: think of avenging Waterloo by sacking London, and the capture of Paris by the capitulation of Printing-house-square!

There are only two other considerations suggested by this delectable composition,—Who is the author, and what is its moral? And certainly the question, who *could* have written it, is a puzzler. It cannot be Maidstone or Malmesbury, although it has the fire of the first, and the contempt for the English tongue manifested by the second. Mr. Disraeli is busy; and besides, too much of an Englishman, at least in an histrionic sense. Lord March could have done it; and the Marquis of Granby might if he tried hard. The writer confesses to being "half Yankee;" but although it has all the insolence, it has none of the genius of Hallyburton. No; the "half-Yankee" assertion must be merely for effect. We have it: the letter must have been a joint production by the Warwickshire doubles—Spooner and Newdegate; while the centenarian of Shoe-lane herself must have corrected the proof.

Seriously, gentle reader, do you not, even while you are smiling at friend Bombastes, also pause a little secretly to contemplate that "powerful steam fleet" and huge prætorian guard "in the hands of one man," and that man the most unscrupulous, the least bound by moral laws, the best perjurer in Europe! And while you reflect on his means of mischief, do you not remember that the outpost of the British government is garrisoned by his intimate friends, and that the British people are still prohibited by law from drilling themselves to the use of arms?

HOW SHALL LORD DALHOUSIE BE PROVIDED FOR.

WE shall never be slow to recognise the claims, nor eager to abate the influence, of a true aristocracy. *Noblesse oblige*: and those who fulfil the obligation deserve the honour. It were ungenerous to deny the presence in our House of Peers, of men who to noble names wed noble lives, well spent in the service of the State: men of blameless honour, chivalrous activity, and

large-hearted sympathy with the humbler classes of their fellow-subjects. The names of those who have won their spurs in the field, leap to the lips, for their biographies have become a part of the nation's. In the less sounding annals of civil service there are reputations not less faithfully won, and honours not less gloriously achieved.

It is the sign of a great people, to be proud of its great men. Detraction is the cheap resource of blustering demagogues, which those who seek to level *upwards* do well to shun.

If we were asked to select a list of our best men of highest station, we think we could satisfy the most implacable hater of aristocrats, that wealth is not always divorced from worth, nor gentle blood from gallant merit. Witness our Hardinge, Carlisle, Ellesmere, Newcastle, Harrowby, and others; witness that young nobleman, who, in the early prime and vigour of manhood, amidst universal satisfaction, governs our vast Indian empire. The Marquis of Dalhousie is one of those men of whom all parties and all classes in the nation may be proud: he is an ornament to any administration, and throughout his public career has ever justified the general esteem. His merits have been recognised by successive Ministers, while the sincerity of his opinions has never been sacrificed, nor his political consistency questioned. It was under the vigilant eye of Sir Robert Peel that he served an apprenticeship in that official department which can least tolerate indolence, or incompetence. As President of the Board of Trade he proved himself equally indefatigable in the mastering details, and able in their exposition. To the supervision of the Railway Board, at a time of extraordinary pressure, he brought unwearied assiduity and a vigour of direction that seemed to consolidate the enterprise it controlled. When the Whigs returned to power on the secession of Peel, and the Governor-Generalship of India fell vacant, that splendid prize was, as if by the national dictation, conferred upon a political rival in preference to all mere party claimants. Leadenhall-street ratified, and the country applauded, a choice that reflected as much honour on those who conferred as on him who received the appointment. And, as we have said, his career in India has been hitherto without a flaw.

Now, Lord Dalhousie is a poor man; and, to such a man, to be poor lends a grace beyond the reach of wealth. It gives new dignity to the work, and new zest to the reward.

Some years ago, an office fell vacant, little known to persons unread in Black Books, entitled "the Governorship of Deal Castle," a valuable sinecure; the chief, if not the only, advantage of the appointment being a modest sea-side residence rent free. This Governorship was, we believe, offered to Lord Dalhousie, and accepted.

By the death of the Duke of Wellington, the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports, formerly a post of importance, now a mere sinecure with a big name, a *bonne bouche* for the reigning Minister, tumbled into the lap of Lord Derby. It was reported that, in accordance with a "custom," the Premier himself would, in addition to his other grave and numerous responsibilities, and his vast estates, undertake the onerous duties of a signalman at Walmer, and appropriate the comfortable old Castle attached to the office.

After many days, however, of tacit acquiescence in the rumour, a careless paragraph in a Ministerial journal denies the assumption of the Wardenship by Lord Derby, except *ad interim*—waiting the acceptance of Lord Dalhousie, to whom it had been offered. Now we cannot but consider this desire to provide suitably for a man so deserving as Lord Dalhousie very creditable to any Government, especially to the present one. The country, not unaware, we may suppose, of those qualities of Lord Dalhousie we have had the pleasure to describe, will gratefully and gladly add its testimony to his deserts.

It may, indeed, excite a moment's doubt in minds even indisposed to evil, that this graceful abandonment of a "custom" should have been so long concealed from the public approval, and attention may be directed rather to Calcutta than to Walmer. But let that pass for the moment: What we have to insist upon now is—why not abolish sinecures so useless as the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports and the Constableness of the Tower; and if your zeal for the public service be so sincere that you cannot send a Tory to Calcutta without recognition of an officer so eminently deserving as Lord Dalhousie, is there not

many a field of active national usefulness open to the abilities of such a man, to whom idleness were almost disgrace. Not to mention many other great public exigencies for which even the genius of official Toryism may appear barely sufficient, is there nothing in the way of a thorough reorganization of the Poor Laws, of the Railway Administration, of the Mercantile Marine, that would do more honour to the energetic capacities of a Dalhousie, and to the disinterested public spirit of Lord Derby, than this questionable perpetuation of a barren sinecure long since condemned by public opinion, and, in that regard, doubly unworthy of the present Governor-General of India, be his successor who he may.

THE SUFFERINGS OF WOMAN.

"WHATEVER absurdities may have been spoken about Woman's rights," says "E. C.," a correspondent of the *Times*, "a deep feeling of shame must attend the contemplation of Woman's wrongs;" and the writer claims the assistance of that journal in exposing the injustice of the law which makes a woman lose all hold over her own property if she be married, or which makes the unpropertied woman, however virtuous, thrifty, and solicitous she may be for her children, see all her earnings swept away to supply the vices of a debauched husband. We are too apt, in reading communications of this kind, to let our minds rest only on the ultimate fact, without calling to our perception the misery which is inflicted in the process towards that ultimate fact. We do not discern, as we should, the condition of the woman who toils against hope, who carries back in her hand the humble exchange for bread and clothes to her children, who sees them snatched from her by the man that once said he loved her—we do not feel the gloomy uncertainty, the sinking heart, the exasperation, the rage, all rendered vain by the hopelessness—we do not attain to the distinct perception of this scene, happen as it does, to a greater or less extent, in thousands of houses right about us, every week, every year.

But independently of these civil disabilities, there are certain personal rights which would not last a day after woman should be politically enfranchised, or man should attain to the full sense of the justice which he owes. Occasionally the wrong bursts forth in some flagrant scandal, as in the recent "tragedy" at Paris; but if such overt tragedies are exceptional, how much less exceptional are the cases which never come before the public eye! Even when they do display their horrors, one feels that there is something more. In this Paris case, we hear not the beginning. A man is murdered, and a romance of real life flashes upon the public; but the narrative has not the completeness which belongs to fact not less than to fiction.

We find two English gentlemen in Paris, with habits of frequent association; one of them, the younger man, has a wife, amiable and engaging; in a child-bed fever the lady declares to her husband that her infant child is not his, but his friend's; the two men meet immediately afterwards, and the husband kills his rival and flies, and the lady is lodged in a madhouse. That is very frightful, but it is far from being all. There is a practice of hushing up the truth about these matters, though the truth is generally better to be known than half the truth with a complement of false inference.

One fact is remarkable: at the desire of the physician, the husband had consented that when his wife became dangerously ill, the friend should be summoned, and that he should tend her several days and several nights. Surely the moral necessity for such attendance must have suggested to any man of the world enough to prevent that surprise which can alone justify or extenuate the murderous attack? A man who is prepared to take vengeance into his own hand so rigorously, usually courts explanation before events come to such a pass.

But still that is not all. It is perfectly well known in Paris, that the intimacy which led to this fatal result had been the subject of remark. We do not say these things to aggravate the burden of the fugitive, but we say them because they tend to expose that barbarous routine in such affairs which makes the point at issue a mere matter of quarrel between two men, without any regard to the interests or feelings of the woman. She is the helpless plaything of others' passions. The very candour of a mind help-

lessly alienated by sickness could not disarm the ferocity of personal pride. What mattered the mortified "honour" of a man, compared to the wreck of the woman's reason, life, and affections? They are made of no account.

Nor are we, in the absence of all evidence either way, to presume that the transfer of the woman's affections was a mere caprice. Without repeating any of the stories current in the whisper which accompanies the published reports, we content ourselves with saying that we must not so presume. Was there any reason for the change? and if so, what was the reason? Did it leave the balance of blame to her, or to the "injured" husband? Was he or she the more materially injured, the more outraged? The facts which would be the reply to these questions seldom come out on the post-mortem inquiry; the woman's case is seldom stated, far more seldom made good; yet assuredly, in the eye of real justice, she should stand on an equality of right with the man.

But the discussion of these subjects continues in the *Times*; however superficially, the relation of woman to man is discussed in the most public journal of the world; and the facts will gradually draw discussion beneath the surface.

HOW TO MEET LOUIS NAPOLEON IN THE CHANNEL.

MR. "JOHN BULL SLICK" threatens us with the great floating batteries. They ought to make the naval architects of our docks restless in their beds. We have nothing to match them—nothing at once so big, so handy, and so swift; and if Rome were not built in a day, a "Napoleon," or an "Austerlitz" is not to be created and equipped in an hour.

It is not so certain, however, that the menacing position taken up by the Emperor Napoleon the Third, in these steam war ships, whose names are almost a declaration of war, is so impregnable as it looks. Extremes meet. It is possible that the position may be "turned," and that the advantage gained by the extreme size and concentrated strength of these batteries may be overridden by the very opposite process. Great improvements have taken place in gunnery, and a suggestion is at work, just now, in active minds, which is really worthy of attention. It has been proposed to furnish our coast with a totally new species of naval guard—to fit out a considerable number of very small steamers of peculiar construction. In the next great conflict, it will probably turn out, that guns will project shot of great size, able to destroy anything, from a hen-coop to the largest ship of the line. A single one of these guns in a manageable boat might cope even with an "Austerlitz." It is proposed to construct the boats on a totally new plan—making them very pointed; fitting them at the bows with a shield, the whole of the front being rendered gun-proof; the only aperture would be the embrasure of the gun, exactly at the snout of the boat, a position in which it would be nearly impossible for the guns of a ship to fire down the throat of a single gun; the sole point at which a boat advancing, stem on, would be vulnerable. The only man on board exposed to fire would be the steersman; and even he might be brought under shelter.

As to the value of this suggestion we are not competent to judge; but we know that those who are, are talking of it as if it were not a dream. The plan has manifestly this recommendation, that it would be more promptly brought into active use against the machinery which it has to encounter.

THE TRUE ATTACK OF AUSTRIA.

A SHIVER has come over the empire of Austria, such as the stoutest warrior may feel in the hour of victory, when he remembers his crimes and sees mustering before him the sons of his victims. The signs of this appear even on the surface. The Vienna correspondent of the *Times* sees it: "To all outward appearance," he writes, "everything is perfectly quiet in Austria, but information, acquired from trustworthy sources, induces me to believe that such is not the case." The signs which he gives are significant enough. The *East Correspondent* betrays the alarm in reminding the Government, apropos to the Mar-seilles conspiracy, "that it is not only their right, but their duty, to act with unrelenting severity against the subversive party." A camp

at Pesth has just been raised—a great pageant exercise of two armies, which has cost 3,000,000 florins; and just before it broke up there was an awkward exhibition of insubordination. The people pressing closely around the royal party, through curiosity, a General ordered a company of gendarmes to "cut in." He was disobeyed; and the officer of gendarmes, whom he arrested, was released by superior authority. In Northern Italy, however, matters are becoming still more thoroughly critical.

"A friend who, totally devoid of Italian sympathies, has known Lombardy and its inhabitants from his early youth, assures me that the hatred of the Italians to the Austrian Government was never so deadly as at the present moment. Another person, who is perhaps as capable of giving a correct opinion on the subject as any one in Austria, expresses himself thus:—'It is but natural that Austria should wish to be on good terms with the President, as she is well aware that should she be involved in a war with France, her Italian possessions would be lost for ever.' The yoke now weighs infinitely heavier on the necks of the Italians than before the revolution. Up to 1848 the greater part of the evils complained of by the Austro-Italians were purely imaginary; the laws were righteously observed, and justice duly administered; Venice, Milan, and the other great Lombardo-Venetian cities were prospering. Since the revolution, the country has been subjected to military law, and to what is still more galling, the arbitrary will of the several commanders; heavy fines, in the shape of loans, have been imposed, and trade is languishing.

"A striking instance of arbitrary rule came to my knowledge but yesterday. It having been observed that some of the lamps in the streets of Brescia were extinguished before day-light, the commander of the city—General Susan, I believe—gave notice that if they were not kept burning until a certain hour a severe punishment would be inflicted. Shortly after a patrol found three lamps extinguished before dawn, and the city authorities to save themselves threw the blame upon the contractor, whose business it was to see that the lamps burned a certain number of hours. Although it was found in this man's contract that he was only liable to a fine of 15 lire for each lamp which went out before a specified time, the General mulcted him in 3,000 lire. The man appealed to the *Gubernium*, which decided in his favour, but the General persisted. The *Gubernium* then tendered its resignation; it was accepted, and the unfortunate contractor learned that might may overcome right. One and the same person lays down and enforces the law at Milan, the director of the police being also commander of the gendarmes.

"In short, things are so strangely managed in Italy, that no one who is not either an *employé* or a military man can doubt that this Government is playing Mazzini's game for him."

Most assuredly they are. It is so true that the hatred of the Lombard population is increasing, and assumes a threatening aspect, that all the military measures of the Austrians reveal their consciousness of it. After the arrests in all the Lombardo-Venetian towns, arrests are daily taking place in the towns of the Roman States which are garrisoned by Austrian troops—Macerata, Faenza, Bologna, Ferrara, Spoleto, Terni, and others. The garrisons are continually receiving reinforcements; and we have reason to believe that orders are given for concentration on Bologna, should any movement take place in central Italy. The fortifications of Mantua and of Venice are occupied day and night; 22,000 men, with batteries, are encamped on the road from Como to Lecco, ready to act in Northern Lombardy. These are the main features of the present position.

In the meanwhile, the incidents of this military coercion are not such as to reconcile the Italians to the burden. In Lombardy the ecclesiastical property and pious establishments are taxed two per cent, with "retroactivity," for ten years. The personal tax is about to be re-established, and an increase of the tax on salt is decreed. It will be raised to eighty centimes per pound, which is twenty per cent. more than it was before '48. Thus it is that Austria defrays her military expenses. It is an organized pillage to pay for an organized enslavement.

The writer at Vienna is mistaken in saying that the state of Lombardy was prosperous before '48. The untruth of that Austrian report has been refuted long ago in Mazzini's pamphlet, "Italy, Austria, and the Pope;" but Austria has worked a comparative truth into that old falsehood. The state of Lombardy before 1848

was prosperous as compared with the state of things which Austria has now created.

Fear makes Austria cruel and exacting, and each access of the ague causes her to extend her grasp; hoping to save herself from falling, the wider is her stride and stretch, as the strong man feels when his fatal sickness comes upon him. Englishmen should remember, that the enemy of Italy is the enemy of constitutional freedom and of England. The best field to encounter absolutism, both temporal and spiritual, is on the other side of Europe; and none could be better than Italy. It is not every State which can be benefited by being made the ground of the coming battle of principles; but it so happens that Italy is one of those States. To be a battle-field would be a curse to England, and a blessing to Italy. It would afford her the opportunity of resuming her place amongst nations. To permit the outbreak of a battle there would be a sound policy for England, and a kind policy for Italy. That great truth of statesmanship has been urged on our Government; but if ever we had a Cabinet inclined to take so broad and practical a view of military statesmanship, it is not the present. The people of England, however, might do something for itself. It might, at least, lend that aid to Mazzini and the Italian patriots, for which an opportunity is offered by the popular subscription. The circular of the committee for organizing that subscription appears in another column. It is worth attention. The trifling contribution towards it might be more than an expression of opinion: a popular subsidy from this country would be a declaration to Austria; and if it were worthy of the people, it would be material assistance to a common cause.

HOW OLDHAM DEMONSTRATES IN FAVOUR OF FOX.

A PEN AND INK SKETCH TAKEN ON THE PLATFORM.

MR. EDITOR.—Next Saturday you will be announcing, by local reports, that a great meeting has been held in Oldham of the friends of W. J. Fox. Permit your correspondent at the reporter's table to give you a transcript of the proceedings as they pass. In adjacent towns, Stockport, Rochdale, and similar places, the Radicals feel quite compromised at the contingency of Oldham becoming a Tory borough. Mr. Fox has a large party of friends in each place, and the immediate interest of the contest is spread over two counties. Distant and diffused readers, therefore, are not undisturbed in what is transpiring on this spot.

Except in the Free-trade Hall of Manchester, I have witnessed no such meeting in the hives of the metallic bees of Lancashire. The plain of heads rocks to and fro with the storm of passion, and the galleries, like frowning hills, throw their turbulent shadow over the crowd below. The proceedings have opened by the reading a fac-simile of Mackay's song of the "Good time coming, boys," the whole assemblage chanting the chorus. Never was that emphatic prophecy, "There's a good time coming, boys," sung with such emphasis of hope, as by the Oldham "boys." Never was there a more astounding orchestra than that which peals forth from the iron throats of these untutored, fustian-jacketed vocalists. In the sharp, clear ring of the resounding, copper notes, you wonder at the animal vigour (in which no consumptive lung can be detected) that this hour of political interest prompts. In the resonant atmosphere of this vast crowd, you don't believe one jot of the physical degeneracy of human nature—at least, of Oldham nature. Oldham "rough heads" ought henceforth to be known—if physiologically the junction is possible—as hearty heads. A more generic truth you might learn here. Poor lads, jammed between the legs of the men, lads who sleep in beds that never grow cold, who drag out their young days in mills where a flower is never seen, sing "There's a good time coming, boys." Poor girls, whose budding beauty has been blanched in hot factories, and whose limbs have been distorted by premature toil, who know not what refinement means, sing, "There's a good time coming." Ignorance and imitation, and their juvenile credulity, may account for the response of these poor innocent beings. But there were, crowded on the platform of this meeting, pallid weavers, who looked as though they lived in a grave—who, for the life of them, cannot tell whether a quasi-penal death in the union workhouse will not close their penal existence in the mills—They sing, "There's a good time coming, boys." In the front ranks of this thickly-wedged mass, one old man, gray with years and haggard with grief; and wretched, pinch-faced women, stooping with age

and panting for breath, who have hope deferred on account of a miserable progeny written in the furrows of their faded and withered cheeks—they, even they, are screaming out "There's a good time coming." They who through weary years—I know something of the history of their daily life—have been looking for that good time, and have never seen even the sign thereof, believe it is coming. O boundless faith of the human heart! There ought to be a good time coming. The instinct of humanity deserves to be prophetic here.

To the great delight of the red handkerchiefs—the women so cover their heads in lieu of bonnets—and the gray heads and the fustian jackets, the local poet has interwoven into song some stanzas, in which the return of Mr. Fox is held to be the sure sign of the aforesaid "good time." Laureled lyrists never succeeded in inditing anything which had the *prima facie* evidence of true popular inspiration, to the same extent as these stanzas evidence in the opinion of the Oldham mind.

The patriotism of Werneth and Mumps (Mumps is the classical name of an important township here) is very superior to its arts of composition. The resolutions submitted to the meeting are rather interwoven. Syntax, sentiment, and political principles mingle upon some Free-trade principle; but the right feeling atones for all. The inevitable excitement of a contest so intense as that which rages in Oldham, leads the reformers into the use of provocative terms; but, in this instance, they only test the strength of that vast unanimity of this meeting, in favour of Mr. Fox, which even some ill-judged derision of the opposition does not invalidate.

But the platform event of the evening is the appearance of Mr. William Newton, whose honourable letter on the "Amicus" question was inserted in your paper last week. Risking that popularity which is of so much importance to a rising man, Mr. Newton, in a speech of manliness and power, has given his support to Mr. Fox's friends. Mr. Fox is countenanced by some eminent manufacturers, who took part against Mr. Newton and the amalgamated engineers. Notwithstanding this implication, Mr. Newton has stepped forward to dissociate Mr. Fox and his political reputation from the accidental conduct of some of his supporters. Let those who tell us of the impracticability of the working-class and their leaders pause hopefully over this instance. Surely it is the highest order of political capacity, not to say generosity, to volunteer co-operation for national purposes, with men with whom you have serious differences of opinion in other respects. Not to suffer any dissent or personal questions to interfere with public duty is an evidence of superiority of character which cannot be too much encouraged. Let us hope that the Employers, in their turn, on public occasions, will show a similar magnanimity, and there will then be some prospect of class hatreds fading out of society, to be succeeded by one great party, the party of the whole people—the party of the State.

According to the speakers, no expense is spared by the "rejected of Stockport." Mr. Heald, the *Mode-rate* Conservative, (if any one can define that description) appears to keep open endless pot-houses, where bone-aching "fourpenny" and indefinite quantities of substantial fare, to match, can be had free gratis—for patriotism! The virtue of the shop-keeper is sometimes shaken by a shower of orders from the party of a rival candidate. No wonder, then, that shop-workers are expected to manifest some "unsteadiness" under the weight of multitudinous pots of "heavy." It, however, appears that scarcely any but the young and ill-informed can be won in this way. There exists some hereditary integrity even in the inhabitants of these surrounding moors, where policemen do not penetrate, and magistrates are traditionary personages. Mr. Quarby will tell us in an after-meeting speech, that a time is yet remembered when no man in Oldham, in the blessed days of Tory supremacy, dared to move a "Liberal" resolution openly: that parties used to assemble on snow-covered hills, and find nailed upon a tree, by some unknown hand, a mysterious resolution, which was found to express the deep sentiment of these hardy and wintry publicists. This temper has descended to the present race of Oldham radicals; and the disciplined enthusiasm the stranger witnesses is no transient ebullition but an heroic inheritance.

The resolutions are vehemently Foxite. Mr. Newton's speech has told on every flank of the crowd. A gentleman on the platform injudiciously menaces a few not incourteous dissentients with peremptory ejection. The rudeness of the threat, which, elsewhere, would set a meeting in a blaze, is here submerged and pardoned in the general enthusiasm. The stranger is told that the strife here is half deadly, that opponent parties "pounce" each other, (*i. e.*, kick mutually and fraternally with wooden-soled clogs); but the amazing obliquation which the meeting bears from speakers liable to

warm escapades, shows that all "rows" are born of *mutual arrangement*—that, in other words, you may go into meetings of the most vehement partisans, and no unseemly collision may be expected, *unless* provocation be first given, and even repeated. Give me the command of the tongues of one party, and there shall be no fear of the fists or sticks of the other.

In every contest there is dictation. One form it assumes here is by some individual declaring he can, and of course will, return whom *he* pleases. One of Mr. Heald's supporters declares that "he could return a donkey for Oldham, if he chose to nominate him." "Donkey" is his own expression. It is not at present known whether he intends his present efforts Torywards, to be a proof of his capacity that way, or whether he intends putting forth himself as a candidate in illustration of his principle. Thus runneth the stream of Oldham politics. The sample is genuine, if not of the most classical quality.

Now the proceedings are terminating. Mr. Baxter Langley is giving time for the Kentish fire. Neither Orange nor Odd-fellow's lodges can produce the equal of the Oldham manufacture of this resounding article. The whole meeting have given their minds, their hands, and feet to it. Upstanding and vociferating, 4000 feet are stamping, 4000 pairs of hands are clapping, 4000 zinc tubes are shouting at the roof. The platform rocks, the very building vibrates. Many who surround me are considered levellers in principle, but they manifest a very conservative objection to the levelling of the building—which seems not improbable, unless this Kentish thunder should cease. After this will follow, "Three cheers for Fox." Already my ears are stunned. Kentish fire, whirling the Oldham dust, has so covered my paper, that I cease to write, not being able to see.

Yours, in all the confusion, ION.

PLATFORM: WORKING MEN'S HALL, OLDHAM.
Monday evening, half-past 10 o'clock.
October 4th, 1852.



Open Council.

[IN THIS DEPARTMENT, AS ALL OPINIONS, HOWEVER EXTREME ARE ALLOWED AN EXPRESSION, THE EDITOR NECESSARILY HOLDS HIMSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR NONE.]

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened, and his judgment sharpened. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not, at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write.—MILTON.

MODERN MANICHEISM.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—I not only worship in the "Cathedral of Immanency," but gladly acknowledge you to be a fellow-worshipper, without whose act my own must be incomplete; but why cannot you recognise, with me, a more spiritual temple still, in which "the Divine Life that animates creation" is reflected and interpreted, not in the starry heavens, but in the sympathies and acts of men.

If ever you have sat at good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
and know what 'tis to pity and be pitied, how can it seem to you less logical than "Devil-worship" to believe in a Divine Person, who is neither so far off nor so dissimilar from us men and our ways of life and action, but that He can take a real interest in doing good and showing mercy to us, in a manner not less spiritual than we are capable of, man with man? It would be absurd "to ask Infinite Wisdom to turn aside from its plans," if it were the wisdom of an engineer dealing with brute matter, or even a despot with his slaves—absurd to ask "Infinite Goodness to alleviate the misery it sends," if we had to do with a goodness and a misery not applied to those moral uses to which even men know how to direct them—absurd to call on "Infinite Mercy to have mercy on us miserable sinners," if the mercy were of the same kind (only infinite) as the indiscriminate charity of a Mr. Solly; but you agree with me that *such* wisdom, goodness, and mercy are not the only kind—rather not the kind at all—with which man should deal with man; and must

we be satisfied with a God not in, but below, our own image?

The "Hebrew myth" not only recognises the fact that men are both capable of and morally bound to this, not merely mechanical, kind of sympathy and action with their fellows, but it goes on to declare the reason. It pretends that men have been made in the image, and do therefore more or less perfectly reflect the character, of a God whose highest wisdom shows itself in enabling men to enter into, co-operate with, and so (if you insist on the word) "to turn Him aside from His plans"—whose highest goodness is engaged in assisting men, and requiring and enabling them to assist Him in so regulating the miseries and enjoyments of earthly existence as shall best subserve the end of spiritual development and training; and whose highest mercy is exercised in personally reclaiming and raising them from a state of mere naturalism, or positive debasement, in which, while they continue, they are necessarily incapable of that spiritual mercy—that true love—which neither God nor man can show to an indifferent or unwilling recipient.

I am, &c.

E. D. W.

Sept. 27.

WOMAN'S CONDITION AND CLAIMS.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—Permit me to offer you my sincere and hearty thanks for the kindness and liberality you displayed in last week's *Leader*, in drawing the attention of the public to a subject upon which few editors of newspapers deign to speak. I allude to the agitation in favour of woman's rights. For such kindness I am deeply grateful, and every true woman will know how to appreciate it. It is only men of large hearts who will offend the prejudices of mankind by advocating a cause so unpopular as ours, and ask for the redress of wrongs, even when the most part of those who suffer them are uncomplaining. Because women, who have ever been in a state of subjection, are attempting to break the chains of servitude, and place themselves under healthier influence, a cry is raised against them; they are said to be stepping out of their legitimate sphere, and encroaching upon the privileges of man; as if they had no existence independent of him—had not rights and duties to exercise, the fulfilment of which no power from without should interrupt. The just demands of those who seek to work out their own redemption are sure in the beginning to meet with scorn and ridicule, whether those who make them be men or women. Few are found advocating the cause of the weak, or inquiring into the justice of their demands; and it is only when they become loud and urgent, that they cease to be treated with neglect. But you, Mr. Editor, who have wide sympathies, and a philosophical temperament, instead of pandering to the public's prejudices, seek to infuse into it a more liberal spirit, and to impart to it a more just appreciation of the claims of others. AN OBSERVER.

OXFORD FELLOWSHIPS.—That, however, the possession of a fellowship at Oxford is any *prima facie* evidence of capacity, is a misconception of what the country should as soon as possible be disabused. By far the larger number of the fellows are neither distinguished nor likely to become so; and are incompetent to contribute anything even to the existing education. Being seldom in possession of higher knowledge than what is necessary for an ordinary degree, and not seldom having experienced difficulty in passing that simple ordeal, they are unserviceable either for learning or for teaching; and by a general consent of all parties, it is felt better to dispense with the residence of almost three-fourths of their number. Among those who remain, there are many really good and really able men; yet we are told by Mr. Pattison, that—"It is to be feared that a pious youth coming up from a religious home to Oxford would gain but little good from habitual intercourse with the senior common room in certain of the colleges."—*Westminster Review*, for October.

SYMPATHIES OF BOREDOM.—The instinct with which our bore finds out another bore, and closes with him, is amazing. We have seen him pick his man out of fifty men, in a couple of minutes. They love to go (which they do naturally) into a slow argument on a previously exhausted subject, and to contradict each other, and to wear the hearers out, without impairing their own perennial freshness as bores. It improves the good understanding between them, and they get together afterwards, and bore each other amicably. Whenever we see our bore behind a door with another bore, we know that when he comes forth, he will praise the other bore as one of the most intelligent men he ever met. And this bringing us to the close of what we had to say about our bore, we are anxious to have it understood, that he never bestowed this praise upon us.—*DICKENS'S Household Words*.

Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review.*

THE question—Is a Poet the creature or the creator of an Epoch; in other words, does he express the national thought, or does he stamp his cast of thought upon the nation? is a question of excessive complexity, and one that must have occupied the mind of the writer of an admirable article on *Cornille* and *Shakespeare* in this month's *Blackwood*. He decides in favour of the Poet. He traces in CORNEILLE the origin of French characteristics; in SHAKESPEARE of English. The nations have ranged themselves beside the standards of their intellectual chieftains. Thinking with R. H. HORNE—

"One mind perchance in every age contains
The sum of all before and much to come;
Much that's far distant still."

He thus expounds the influence of CORNEILLE:—

"When a Parisian multitude not only sought its amusement, but gained a large share of its ideas—from the theatre, the dramas of Cornille must have exercised a vast influence over them, and one which they can never repeat.

"We think we trace that influence very distinctly in the political history of France, and of Paris; for the great city and 'great nation' have, in political events, been terms almost synonymous. In the midst of the French Revolution we trace the theatre of Cornille. Whence did the people obtain that fondness for classical models, so conspicuous during the scenes of the French Revolution? It must have been from the theatre—not from their scholarship. Whence, but from Cornille, did they obtain that readiness to sacrifice to some principle, some all but imaginary duty, the natural feelings and affections of humanity? But Cornille, it will be said, wrote in the very palmy days of the monarchy; some one has called his dramas 'the breviary of kings,' so delighted was he with magnifying the office, the rights and dignity of kings and emperors. It was not from Cornille, only occasionally republican, that they would learn the doctrines of the Revolution. Very true; but he helped to make them the sort of revolutionists they were. For good and for bad, his influence is conspicuous in their mode of thinking and their moral temperament. He taught them a heroic devotion to a general principle; he taught them, too, to sacrifice the safer guides of humane feeling, kindly sympathy, and the personal equities of life to some stern and national duty; and he taught them, moreover, the intellectual habit of changing these general principles with surprising rapidity."

But is he not here placing effect for cause? Instead of attributing this influence to CORNEILLE we should rather attribute CORNEILLE's great popularity to the admirable adaptation of his genius to the national genius. He expressed the national thought and the nation worshipped him. Influence he had, no doubt; such influence as powerful expression and heroic imagery must always have when addressed to a nation which thinks in unison with the poet. But he himself was a Frenchman, a Norman Frenchman, a product of the whole concurrent circumstances which made French Nationality; and had he attempted to direct the national thought he would have gained no audience. The truth is, between the Poet and the Nation there is incessant action and reaction. A nationality is the product of individual minds acting on each other; the more energetic an individual mind the more appreciable his influence, but at the same time the greater his susceptibility to surrounding influences.

We touch this point, we cannot dwell on it. What the critic says of the English mind strikes us as still less traceable to SHAKESPEARE, though the description is true enough:—

"Our national mind and character are permanently, and in every department marked by compromise. In our political constitution, in our church, in our system of education, in our great habits of thinking, we make some curious, undefinable, but most useful compromise between irreconcilable antagonists. We talk like republicans, and we feel an enthusiastic loyalty; we have a personal independence that amounts to churlishness; and the throne is scarcely more honoured than the aristocracy; we are the most practical and business-like, and the most sad and reflective of men; and in our speculative opinions we claim ever the greatest freedom, and are most averse to any use of it—are very bold, and full of self-distrust;—and lo! amongst our poets, our great epic is a compromise between Christian and classical learning; and in our Shaksperian drama we have been taught to look for nothing but a faithful reflection of all manner of men, of all sentiments, and all passions."

Fit companion to this sketch of the national mind is the following sketch of a national failing, taken from another article in the same magazine, called *Are there not great Boasters among us?*

"There is not a more absurdly boastful people on the face of the earth than we, the 'Great English Nation.' We boast of everything belonging to us. If there be a difference between us and our Transatlantic brethren, it is in this, that as their boasting takes its character from democratic institutions, our boasting is characterised by a dash of aristocratic delicacy. Theirs is more vulgar, that is all; but, nevertheless, as we are daily progressing towards them in politics, so are we in this respect, that our national swaggering is decidedly improving in vulgarity. That regards the manner of our boasting. The matter of it is to be found everywhere, and in everything. We boast of everything belonging to us, and of some few that do not belong to us; for swaggering Pride is twin-brother to Falsehood. We boast of a prosperity from which millions are running away; of a Representative system, which represents not much of the sense, but a very large proportion of the nonsense of the people; of a public morality, at which every man individually laughs in his sleeve—to which so many elections are giving the lie, by a total disregard to the morals of their parliamentary candidates."

The second part of the review of Lord JEFFREY is even better than the

first. We borrow from it this plea for critics—a plea as seasonable as it is sensible.

"The critic is himself, of all writers, generally treated with the least leniency; it is supposed that his hand has been raised against all others, and that therefore no mercy should be shown him; yet, considerable indulgence ought to be extended towards one who has to deliver a printed judgment, immediately after the first impression which a new and original work has made upon him. Few of us have perused such a work a second time, and after some interval, without finding reason for modifying, in some material respect, the opinion formed on the first perusal. For our own part, we should be the last to criticise the critic with severity, or to fix him down irrevocably to what he had uttered—necessarily in haste—and as the best conclusion he could arrive at on the moment."

In the same article there is a novel and cogent refutation of a very common prejudice:—

"The prevailing notion is, that a more genuine expression is obtained of an author's sentiments from his private letters than from his published works. Under certain peculiar circumstances this may be the case, as where the author held opinions it was not safe or prudent to avow. But, in general, we believe that men are both more sincere, as well as more considerate, in what they confide to the public, than in what they pour out in private, whether in conversation or in letters. When a man reflects on any subject with the intention of delivering the results to the public, he is alone—he thinks alone; he and his subject are locked up together in his study; but when he writes to a friend, he is very much in the condition as if he were speaking to him; he is more or less under the influence of the peculiar temper and opinions of that friend; he writes as if in his presence, and, from an unpremeditated courtesy, if from no other motive, adapts himself, in some degree, to his humour, his disposition, or his views. Thus, the tone and tenor of the letter may a great deal depend on the person to whom it is sent."

"So far from preferring the letter to the printed work, we are persuaded that, as evidence of opinion and sentiment, it is of less authority than unpremeditated conversation. For there are certain affectations of style and manner quite peculiar to epistolary authorship, which interfere not a little with everything like sincere and genuine expression of sentiment. Wherever the epistolary style is not employed for the direct purposes of business, or the communication of important fact, or is not imbued with some strong passion, it seems to have an incurable tendency to affectation of some kind; either it is an affectation of ease and carelessness, or it is an elaborate elegance, or a most painful gaiety, or there is a tone of over-strained compliment and most wearisome factiousness. These artificial graces are not friendly to honest statements, whether of fact or of opinion. We read few letters with much faith, and fewer still with much pleasure."

Fraser this month, like all the magazines, has its article on the Duke; it has also a most agreeable paper on *Bear Hunting in India*, which somewhat disarranges one's conception of a bamboo jungle:—

"I remember the absurd ideas which the words 'bamboo jungle' used to raise in my mind years ago, before I had ever seen it; I used to picture to myself something like a congregation of old gentlemen's bamboo walking-sticks, immensely magnified, and decorated with long dry sedge-like leaves; and I do not doubt that most people figure to themselves something as far removed from the truth. Instead of this, imagine a long, pliant stem, twenty, thirty, or forty feet long, in shape like a huge fishing-rod, greenish-yellow in colour, and half wood, half vegetable in substance; springing from each side of this at intervals, somewhat after the fashion of the branches of a fir-tree, are small sprays; imagine a huge bundle of these large stems, with their butt-ends planted close together in the ground, each rod bending outwards, and the whole forming a cluster in general shape not unlike the Prince of Wales' plume, or an Indian crown of feathers. This gives the skeleton of the tree; but it requires to be powdered over with delicate light green, thinly-scattered leaves, forming a semi-transparent foliage, in general effect not unlike that of a gooseberry-bush just coming into leaf in spring. Towards the roots the sprays are thickly set and entangled, and often completely covered by different creeping plants, which intertwine into a dense mass, out of which the tall feathery stems shoot gracefully. These clusters spring side by side, their top sprays interlacing, and lie in long spurs or patches along the winding bottoms of the valleys, light, feathery, and beautiful in the extreme, the very *beau idéal* of all one's most romantic ideas of wild outlandish forests, through which the wild buffaloes should come crashing, or beneath whose boughs some beautiful and savage wild beast should lie grinning and snarling."

We must also find room for this description of the bear's charge:—

"I had before this been in at the death of several bears, but had never seen one charge, and consequently had no very clear idea of the style of executing this performance, beyond an idea which I had picked up from books and pictures, that on approaching within a moderate gun-shot it would rear itself on its hind legs, and waddle up to me after the fashion of a tipsy man, with the intention of 'hugging,' thereby giving me every leisure and convenience for taking a cool shot. Fortunately, I was not so persuaded of this fact as to neglect to cock all barrels, and to keep my finger on the trigger of my rifle, and my eyes rather anxiously fixed on the turn of the path. Suddenly my companion fired, and I heard two savage grunts round the corner; still, for a second or two—two very long, unpleasant seconds—I saw nothing. All at once my shikarry, in no end of a fright, sang out, 'Mar, mar, sahib!' 'Fire, fire, sir!'—and a great bear dashed on to the path at a hard gallop, grunting furiously. She came so suddenly, and charged so savagely, that I had barely time to fire my rifle and fling it down before she was close on me; another spring or two would have brought her to close quarters, when I snatched my second gun from my shikarry, and took a regular snap shot at her head."

SHAKESPEARE is to us what HOMER was to the Greeks, a banquet from which we are never tired of picking up crumbs. FALSTAFF, who has exercised the ingenious pens of so many critics, finds one more this month in *Fraser*, and one who contrives to say something new about him more over. Let our actors ponder on this:—

"The conventional representations on the stage have given a very erroneous impression of the manners and person of the knight, as they were conceived by Shakespeare. Our actors exhibit to us, in most cases, an overgrown mass of flesh covering a cowardly soul; they degrade Falstaff's wit into buffoonery, and make him put on the manners of a low and vulgar publican. Shakespeare intended Fal-

staff's outward appearance to be comical—a caricature of debauched manhood; but a very little stuffing under the waistcoat would answer all the requirements of the part. The chief justice charges him with 'an increasing belly,' but with 'a decreasing leg.' (*Henry IV.*, Part II., act I., sc. 2.) and there can be no reason for that padding of the limbs by which our stage Falstaff becomes so unwieldy."

And let the critic reply that a very little stuffing of the underwaistcoat would not answer to Jack's larding the lean earth as he walks along, and impregnating the air with such obesity that the room he sits in becomes itself obese! "Come out of that fat room," exclaims the Prince.

In that curious and valuable periodical, *The Journal of Psychological Medicine*, there is an extremely interesting paper on *Homicidal Monomania*, in which we find another example to be added to the long list of those who like the CENCI, and the BORGIA, were at once diabolical and devout:—

"The notorious Burke, who was hanged for murder in Scotland, which he committed for the purpose of selling the remains of his unfortunate victims to the anatomical schools, was very partial and kind to children. He preached religious sermons, and the whole series of his murders was suggested by his confederate Hare reading aloud one winter evening the death of Ben-hadad by Hazael, in the second book of Kings."

The writer adds in a note:—

"This is a very curious fact. The diabolical suggestion arose from Hare reading the account given (verse 15, chap. viii.) of the death of Ben-hadad, who was thus killed by Hazael: 'And it came to pass on the morrow, that he took a thick cloth, and dipped it in water, and spread it on his face, so that he died.' Burke and Hare adopted the same plan. They made their victims drunk, and then covered the mouth and nostrils with wet cloths. Sometimes, by kneeling on the epigastrium they forced a deep expiration, which emptied the lungs, and the wet cloths prevented the re-admission of the air. This murderous method was so physiologically scientific, that it was suspected to have been suggested by some anatomist. This was not true; the above statement came out in evidence."

Puzzling as such apparent contradictions may be to the reader unversed in psychology, we believe they admit of satisfactory explanation directly it is seen that Religion has two elements intimately related but *not necessarily* co-existing in the same mind—viz., an element of Faith or speculative Belief, and an element of Emotion issuing in practical Conduct—in other words, every Religion includes a Theology and a Morality. Experience daily teaches us that men may believe with fierce bigotry every item of a theology, and nevertheless violate the whole spirit no less than the specific details of that creed. In these cases the relation between the intellect and the emotions is broken; conduct does not follow the impulse of the creed. Indeed, to take a man's creed as an indication of his conduct is, we all know, a most fallacious test; but if so, why is a man's *rejection* of a specific creed so frequently taken as a test? If a man who believes in Christianity is not by virtue of that belief to be credited with morality, why must a man who disbelieves in Christianity be credited with immorality?

SEVERAL of our friends have expressed their gratitude to us for the notices we have given of ALEXANDER SMITH'S poems, and will be glad to learn that the *Critic* of the 1st of October contains some more scenes of that *Life Drama* in which he is so prodigal of imagery, and of fine expression. The boldness and originality of his style is seen in its familiar diction, no less than in its loftier phrases. *E.g.*

"How frequent, in the very thick of life,
We rub clothes with a fate that hurries past!"

That is quite Shakspearian; and is not this Tennysonian:—

"Our studious Edward from his Lincoln Fens
And home quaint-gabled hid in rooky trees."

There is an echo of old CHAPMAN, or of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, in this:—

"I sang this song some twenty years ago,
Hot to the ear tips, with great thumps of heart,
On the gold lawn, while, Cesar-like, the sun
Gathered his robes around him as he fell."

There is an abundance of fine passages in this poem—ringing the changes somewhat too freely upon stars, and the sea, as usual with him—but one passage we cannot resist quoting:—

"'Twas late, for as he reached the open roads,
Where night was reddened by the drudging fires,
The drowsy steeples tolled the hour of One.
The city now was left long miles behind,
A large black hill was looming 'gainst the stars,
He reached its summit. Far above his head,
Up there upon the still and mighty night,
God's name was writ in worlds."

MACGILLIVRAY'S BRITISH BIRDS.

A History of British Birds, Indigenous and Migratory. By William Macgillivray. A.M. 5 vols. Orr and Co.

THERE are few books on the subject of Natural History more worthy of finding a conspicuous place upon our shelves than this elaborate and original *History of British Birds*. It was composed with the passionate patience of delighted labour, and furnishes abundant materials to science, general literature, and special inquiries. Not to ornithologists and philosophers alone are these pages full of pleasant instruction, but to the school-boy, the careless reader, the busy student, and the busy man, will its contents be found both novel and entertaining. It only remains to give the latter a hint as to the manner of reading the work. Five thick volumes of more than five hundred pages each are enough to daunt even a courageous idler; but if he will skim lightly over the specific ornitho-

logical and anatomical descriptions, and read with attention those sections only which relate to the *Habits of Birds*, and to what the author calls "Lessons in Practical Ornithology," we can promise him a rare treat. We shall transfer several specimens to our own columns; but first our duty leads us to an indication of the contents of the work.

The three first volumes, published in the years 1837, 1839, and 1840, embrace the whole of the Land Birds, indigenous or migrating to the British Isles. The fourth and fifth volumes, published only the other day, comprise the Water Birds. The text is illustrated with excellent plates and several hundred woodcuts executed with great care and felicity. The descriptions are minute, unmistakable; embracing not merely the general aspect, and the peculiarities of form and plumage, but also the anatomical and physiological peculiarities—the structure, modes of flight, of walking, or perching, and "habits of birds." In this respect, aided by copious indices, it may be considered as a perfect encyclopedia of British ornithology: as useful for reference as it is delightful to read.

Dr. Macgillivray is no closet naturalist—indeed, he has somewhat too prominent a scorn for all such people, forgetting that Science is often materially aided and developed by those very men. It is not the Telescope that will now advance Astronomy. But, in truth, although Dr. Macgillivray deserves every credit for the zeal with which he has gathered together the facts of ornithological structure, it is not in science that he shines. His observations are original, accurate; but his explanations often make one stare. To take but one example. In the following observation a philosophical anatomist will see valuable material, but he will smile at the explanation we have italicised:—

"One object of the large sternum of birds being to afford a basis to the powerful muscles by which the wings are moved, its surface is expanded, and in the median line elevated into a projecting lamina, named the crest or ridge, by which the muscular masses are kept from blending together. This part, by its greater or less size, indicates a corresponding degree of power in the pectoral muscles, and consequently the strength of flight, although by no means the actual velocity, which depends upon the form of the wing as much as upon the vigour of its muscular apparatus. In the ostrich and other birds of its family, of which the diminutive wings are not used for flying, the crest of the sternum is wanting. This bone has received so extended a development partly to afford a support to the wings, the rapid and powerful motions of which rendered such an arrangement necessary."

We are touching here upon his weak point, and we will touch it gently, merely adding that it is in consequence of his carelessness as to philosophy that he makes such mistakes in classification—mistakes not only of appreciation but also of positive commission. And yet even upon this question we meet with good incidental remarks, *e.g.*:—

"Much of the discrepancy of opinion respecting the limits of the genera and families of birds arises from forgetfulness of the fact that species alone exist in nature. Most persons acknowledge this truth when it is forced upon them; but few act under its impression. A species, composed of individuals of two sexes, capable of producing similar individuals, varying however within certain, but hitherto undefined limits, and capable of continuing the race, which remains the same for ages, and of which the varieties, when placed in ordinary circumstances, tend to return to the original type, is all that we can consider as having a positive existence. It is merely because species are so numerous, and our faculties so limited, that we throw them into ideal groups, for the purpose of facilitating our recollection of their forms and qualities. Species are more or less allied to each other; thus, a raven is very similar to a carrion crow, less so to a magpie, and in a much smaller degree to an auk or a penguin. The alliances exhibited between species give rise to the idea of connecting them in various degrees; but the limits of the groups thus formed being undefined, it is not in the nature of things that those arbitrarily fixed by one man should be acknowledged by all others. It is very evident that genera, families, orders, and all the mediate sections of a class, must ever remain fluctuating, and that discussions respecting them will continue to be keenly engaged in until men clearly perceive that instead of fighting in earnest, they are merely beating the air. What is a genus? 'The first collection of species in a system.' An order? 'The last or most general group in a class.' What constitutes a genus? 'Certain palpable resemblances.' But what are they? 'Come, let us go on, and you shall see.' There is no need of quarrelling about genera. Let us be courteous: what you call a genus, allow me to consider as a family; let it be a tribe with another, and an order in the system of a fourth. No classification of birds has ever been generally adopted; and none has stood for twenty years. And why? Because no system-maker ever acquired a clear perception of all the phenomena of nature. Without the wisdom of a Solomon, and the longevity of a Methuselah, with many other advantages to boot, no ornithologist will ever arrange the ten thousand species which probably exist in the world, in an order conformable to the plan of their creation. Then let us just understand that all systems must be arbitrary; that a genus, if it be anything at all, is something as shadowy as one of Ossian's ghosts; that a naturalist who has studied birds, and described their structure, form, and manners, adds to our knowledge, although he may not choose to impose upon species the newest and most fashionable names; and that the first principle in the classification of natural objects is, that species alone exist in nature."

He is fond of a sarcasm against Mr. Swainson and other classifiers, and does not seem to have borne criticism very meekly himself, though he is now, alas! beyond its reach. A certain sadness hangs over the last volumes. They were published but a few days before his death, and in the following mournful passage—mournful as a setting sun—he speaks of his labours and his approaching end:—

"I have finished one of the many difficult and laborious tasks which I had imposed upon myself. Twelve years have elapsed since the first three volumes of this work were issued to the public, and I had scarcely hoped to see its completion, when I was most unexpectedly encouraged to revise the manuscript of the two remaining volumes, containing the Wading and Swimming Birds, of which the history, in so far as I am acquainted with it, is now given on the same plan as that adopted for the Land Birds. Commenced in hope, and carried on with zeal, though ended in sorrow and sickness, I can look upon my work without much regard to the opinions which contemporary writers may form of it, assured that what is useful in it will not be forgotten, and knowing that already it has had a

beneficial effect on many of the present, and will more powerfully influence the next generation of our home-ornithologists. I had been led to think that I had occasionally been somewhat rude, or at least blunt, in my criticisms; but I do not perceive wherein I have much erred in that respect, and I feel no inclination to apologize. I have been honest and sincere in my endeavours to promote the truth. With death, apparently not distant before my eyes, I am pleased to think that I have not countenanced error, through fear or favour. Neither have I in any case modified my sentiments so as to endeavour thereby to conceal or palliate my faults. Though I might have accomplished more, I am thankful for having been permitted to add very considerably to the knowledge previously obtained of a very pleasant subject. If I have not very frequently indulged in reflections on the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as suggested by even my imperfect understanding of His wonderful works, it is not because I have not ever been sensible of the relation between the Creator and His creatures, nor because my chief enjoyment when wandering among the hills and valleys, exploring the rugged shores of the ocean, or searching the cultivated fields, has not been in a sense of His presence. 'To Him who alone doeth great wonders,' be all glory and praise. Reader, farewell."

As we said, he was a field naturalist, and the fresh mountain breezes salute us from his pages. Much of their charm lies in his enthusiasm, and in the invigorating pictures of Nature his enthusiasm paints. As an example:—

"It is pleasant to hear the bold challenge of the Gor-cock at early dawn on the wild more remote from human habitation, where, however, few ornithologists have ever listened to it. I remember with delight the cheering influence of its cry on a cold morning in September, when, wet to the knees, and with a sprained ankle, I had passed the night in a peat bog, in the midst of the Grampians, between the sources of the Tunnel and the Dee. Many years ago, when I was of opinion, as I still am, that there is little pleasure in passing through life dry shod and ever comfortable, I was returning to Aberdeen from a botanical excursion through the Hebrides and the south of Scotland. At Blair Atholl I was directed to a road that leads over the hill, and which I was informed was much shorter than the highway. By it I proceeded until I reached Blair Lodge, where I obtained some refreshment, of which I stood greatly in need. The good woman very benevolently exerted herself to persuade me to remain all night, the hills being, as she said, bleak and dreary, entirely destitute of everything that could afford pleasure to a traveller, and even without human habitation, the nearest house being fifteen miles north. It was now six o'clock, and I was certain of being benighted; but I had promised to be at the source of the Dee by noon of next day, and all the dragons of darkness could not have prevented me from at least striving to fulfil my engagement. They had never heard of the spring in question, nor even of the river; no Cairngorm could be seen; and a woman just arrived from the Spey informed me that I should be under the necessity of going through Badenoch before I could get to it. I placed more confidence in my travelling map. All however shook their heads when I disclosed my plan, which was to proceed eastward, cross a stream, get to the summit of a ridge of mountains, and so forth, until I should reach the first burn of the Dee, where I expected to meet my friend Craigie. It was sunset when I got to the top of the first hill, whence I struck directly east, judging by the place where the sun disappeared behind the rugged and desolate mountains. After traversing a mile of boggy heath, I found myself put out of my course by a long, deep, rocky valley or ravine, which I was obliged to double; and before I had accomplished this night fell. I travelled on however about two miles farther, and coming upon another but smaller valley, in which I was apprehensive of breaking my neck if I should venture through it, I sat down by a rock, weary, and covered with perspiration. Rest is pleasant, even in such a place as this; and when I had experienced a little of its sweets, I resolved to take up my abode there for the night. So, thrusting my stick into the peat between me and the ravine below, I extended myself on the ground, and presently fell into a reverie, reviewed my life, gave vent to the sorrow of my soul in a thousand reflections on the folly of my conduct, and ended with resolving to amend! Around me were the black masses of the granite hills rising to heaven like the giant barriers of an enchanted land; above, the cloudless sky, spangled with stars; beneath, a cold bed of wet turf; within, a human spirit tortured with wild imaginings and the pangs of a sprained foot. 'In such a place, at such a time,' and in such a mood, what are the vanities of the world, the pomp of power, the pride of renown, and even the pleasures of bird-nesting! Having in a short time become keenly sensible that a great portion of vital heat had oozed out of me, I looked out for a warmer situation; but, alas, with little success; for although I pulled some stunted heath and white moss, with which I covered my feet, and laid me down by another crag that afforded more shelter, I could not sleep. After a while, having experienced a fit of shivering, I got up to gather more heath, with which I formed a sort of bed, and lay down again. But even heath was not to be obtained in sufficient quantity, so that for a covering I was obliged to bury myself in moss and turf, with the soil adhering. At long, long length, the sky began to brighten in what I supposed to be the north-east, and I was anxiously looking for the approach of morn, when gradually the pale unwelcome moon rose over a distant hill. It was piercing cold, and I perceived that a strolling naturalist, however fervid his temperament, could hardly, if scantily clad, feel comfortable even among moss, in a bog of the Grampians. What a blessing a jug of hot water would have been to such a stomach as mine, aching with emptiness, and nothing, not even tripe-de-roche, to be got to thrust into it. However, morning actually came at last, and I started up to renew my journey. It was now that I got a view of my lodging, which was an amphitheatre formed of bare craggy hills, covered with fragments of stone and white moss, and separated by patches of peat bog. Not a house was to be seen, nor a sheep, nor even a tree, nor so much as a blade of green grass. Not a vestige of life can be found here, thought I; but I was reproved by a cry that startled me. The scarlet crest and bright eye of a moor-cock were suddenly protruded from a tuft of heather, and I heard with delight the well-known *kak, kak*, of the 'blessed bird,' as the Highlanders call him. It was a good omen; the night and darkness had fled, and I limped along as cheerily as I could. My half frozen blood soon regained its proper temperature; ere long I reached the base of the rocky ridge, and after passing some hills, traversing a long valley, and ascending a mountain of considerable height, I took out my map, and looking eastward below me, saw, to my great satisfaction, a rivulet running for several miles directly in the course marked. I was assured that this stream, whether the source or not, ran into the Dee, as it proceeded eastward; and therefore I directed my steps toward it. But here too a scene occurred which gave me great pleasure. Some low croaking sounds came from among the stones around me, and presently after a splendid flock of grey ptarmi-

gans, about fifty in number, rose into the air, and whirled past me, on their way to the opposite eminence. On the brow of the hill I found two large fountains, the sources of the stream below, of each of which I drank a mouthful, and proceeded. My friend, however, was not to be seen; but it was too early; and so to pass the time I explored another of the sources of the rivulet, that rose farther up in the glen. But at length, the scene became too dreary to be endured:—desolate mountains, on whose rugged sides lay patches of snow that the summer's suns had failed to melt; wild glens, scantily covered with coarse grass, heath, and lichens; dark brown streams, gushing among crags and blocks, unenlivened even by a clump of stunted willows;—and I followed the rivulet, judging that it would lead to the river, and the river to the sea. For seven long miles I trudged along, faint enough, as you may suppose, having obtained no refreshment for eighteen hours, excepting two mouthfuls of cold water; so that even the multitudes of grouse that sprung up around me, ceased to give much pleasure, although I had never before started so many, even with a dog, in a space of equal extent."

"Tell me," said Nazi, "for you are wise, how is it Love brings all this sorrow into the world?" Indeed, philosophers who probe the delicate secrets of the heart will find something curiously perplexing in the quarrelsomeness Love seems to engender not only in human beings but in animals. Read this on the black grouse:—

"Like the polygamous, or rather promiscuously-breeding quadrupeds, such as the stag, the males separate from the females and young, and during autumn and winter keep by themselves in small flocks, living together in harmony. Towards the middle of spring they separate, quarrel whenever they meet, and engage in desperate combats, in which several individuals frequently join. So intent are they on this occupation that a person may easily get near enough to shoot them. At this season the supraocular space assumes a deeper red, and the bird manifests much activity and vivacity, but the gloss of its plumage, as alleged by some writers, following the popular notion that in the breeding season all birds are more gorgeously apparelled, is not brighter than in winter. Although destitute of spurs, it fights in the same manner as the domestic cock, lowering its head, erecting and spreading its tail, and leaping against its adversary, endeavouring to drive him off and if possible tear him to pieces. These combats, however, are less bloody than those of our game-cocks, although they are engaged in with so much earnestness that an unscrupulous fowler might easily carry destruction among the gallants. A cock who has beaten off his opponents from his favourite station, betakes himself to it morning and evening, struts in a pompous manner, with spread tail, and stiffened wings rustling against the ground, calls aloud with a harsh grating voice, and invites the neighbouring females, or rather challenges those of his own sex within hearing to come forward and dispute his claims to the favour of his elect bride. When this season of excitement is over, the males, forgetting their animosities, meet together, and endeavour to recruit their diminished energies by following their ordinary occupations in peace."

We must return to these volumes for other pleasant extracts, and now break off with—

THE SCHOOLBOY'S PET.

"The boys in the Outer Hebrides often attempt to rear young doves, but their cares are seldom continued long enough. They introduce the food, dry barley grain, by the side of the mouth, which occasions inflammation and swelling of the basal margins of the mandibles. When a boy, I had a young rock dove, which I fed for some time in this manner, until the bill became tumid and sore, when, in consequence of advice from a friend, I took a mouthful of barley and water, and introduced the pigeon's bill, when the bird soon satisfied itself, flapping its wings gently and uttering a low cry all the while. It grew up vigorously, shed the yellow down-tips of its feathers, and began to fly about. Towards the middle of autumn it renewed its plumage, and assumed the bright and beautiful tints of the adult male. Whenever I escaped from the detested pages of Virgil and Horace, the pigeon was sure to fly to me, and sometimes alighted on my head or shoulder, directing its bill towards my mouth, and flapping its wings. Nor did it ever fly off with the wild pigeons, which almost every day fed near the house, although it had no companions of its own species. At length some fatal whim induced it to make an excursion to a village about a mile distant, when it alighted on the roof of a hut, and the boys pelted it dead with stones. Long and true was my sorrow for my lost companion, the remembrance of which will probably continue as long as life. I have since mourned the loss of a far dearer dove. They were gentle and lovely beings; but while the one has been blended with the elements, the other remains 'hid with Christ in God,' and for it I 'mourn not as those who have no hope.'"

What a touching retrospection, linking the 'happy days of childhood with the grave and saddened days of manhood!

THE LANDSCAPE PAINTER IN CALABRIA.

Journals of a Landscape Painter in Southern Calabria, &c. By Edward Lear. Bentley. A MORE thoroughly fascinating volume of travels it would be difficult to name. Mr. Edward Lear is a painter with the pen as well as with the pencil; and, unlike the generality of those who endeavour to reproduce in words the images of beauty they have moved among in their travels, he has no affectations either of rhetoric or enthusiasm. Mr. Lear eschews "imaginings," but is vivid in his landscapes. The consequence is, that we accompany his wanderings with a fresh and healthy sense of the loveliness of Nature, and participate in the emotions those scenes excited in him.

A style like his would make the beaten track agreeable, but he has the further incalculable advantage of a subject as yet unworn by tourists. Calabria, the land of romance, has been seldom visited, rarely described. The name suggests Salvator Rosa and Mrs. Radcliffe, with all their collateral associations of mountain fastnesses, caves, torrents, bandits, midnight murders, and "one-handed" monks. Mr. Lear saw no bandits, not even a pointed hat; *en revanche*, his eyes were feasted with a prodigality of loveliness; and it will be difficult for his readers—at least of the peripatetic class—to resist following in his footsteps.

He and his friend travelled on foot—by far the most agreeable method—accompanied by an excellent guide, upon whose horse the small baggage was carried. There are few inns on this unfrequented route, and the travellers therefore lived in the houses of the various noblemen to whom they had letters of introduction. This of itself was a most fortunate

accident. Inns are everywhere monotonously similar; but individual families present every possible variety of type to the observer, and many of the amusing pages of this volume are occupied with the hosts and their families. But we must cease description, and open the volume for some glimpses of Nature and of manners. Here is a glimpse of

REGGIO.

"At sunrise I set out on an exploring expedition, and was soon dodging here and there to find the best views of Reggio among its endless cactus and aloe lanes, fig gardens, and orange groves. Reggio is indeed one vast garden, and doubtless one of the loveliest spots to be seen on earth. A half-ruined castle, beautiful in colour and picturesque in form, overlooks all the long city, the wide straits, and snow-topped Mongibello beyond. Below the castle walls are spread wide groves of orange, lemon, citron, bergamot, and all kinds of such fruit as are called by the Italians 'Agrumi'; their thick verdure stretched from hill to shore as far as the eye can reach on either side, and only divided by the broad white lines of occasional torrent courses. All the fulness of Sicilian vegetation awaits you in your foreground; almond, olive, cactus, palm tree, aloe, and fig, forming delightful combinations wherever you turn your steps."

Here we have a bit of Nature and of ancient womanhood:—

"The morning's walk was most delicious: at every step its scenery became grander, in vast mountainous extent of distance, and close oak-filled vales. All my hopes of Calabrian scenery are fulfilled. Stopping here and there to make an outline of what most struck us (though these are landscapes not to be hastily drawn), we arrived about ten on a sunny height, where beneath a spreading oak, we halted to draw a glorious seaward view, where rock and ravine, wood and vale and water, were so mingled as to form one of the finest of scenes. The whole atmosphere seemed alive with cicade, who buzzed and fizzed, and shivered and shuddered, and ground knives on every branch above and around. At eleven we began to descend towards Condofuri, by paths which even the alert and accomplished horse of Ciccio found very unsatisfactory;—beautiful are those wild oak woods!—and at last we lost sight of the eternal Bova, and were once more threading a fumara like a furnace between white cliffs, speculating on our reception at Condofuri, and devoutly hoping our next host might not have dinner ere we arrived. On our asking Ciccio as to the properties and characteristics of the village and its inhabitants, we could get nothing from him but 'Son Turchi,' except that we construed into a negative testimonial his volunteering the information 'that we had done well to sleep last night at Bagaladi,—dighi, dighi, dà.' So we thought too; for our walk of this morning would have been too much to have added to that of yesterday, not to speak of the loss of such scenery after dusk.

"Condofuri, a little village, wedged in a nook between two hills, the torrent at its feet, and the mountain mass of high Apennine threateningly above it, was at length reached, and the house of Don Giuseppe Tropeano discovered. Alas! the master was away at the Marina, or Scala, and our appearance threw his old sister into such a state of alarm, that we speedily perceived all hope of lodging and dinner was at an end. We stood humbly on the steps of the old lady's house, and entreated her only to read the letter we had brought—but not she! she would have nothing to say to us. 'Sono femmina,' 'Sono femmina,' she constantly declared—a fact we had never ventured to doubt, in spite of her immoderate size and ugliness—'Sono femmina, e non so niente.' No persuasions could soften her, so we were actually forced to turn away in hunger and disgust. As for Ciccio, he merely took his short pipe from his lips, and said, 'Son Turchi—dighi, dà.'

"Neither man nor horse could proceed further under the broiling heat, and unrefreshed by food; so we found a most vile taverna, where, for want of better accommodation, we prepared to abide. Ciccio,—the Phoenix of guides,—stowed away the horse and baggage, and set the 'Turchi' to get lots of eggs, which, with wine and snow, made our dinner. It was more difficult to find a place to eat it in, and we truly congratulated ourselves on not having come on to Condofuri last night. The wretched hut we were in was more than half choked up by the bed of a sick man, with barrels, many calf-skins filled with wine, and a projecting stone fireplace; moreover, it was as dark as Erebus; so in the palpable obscure I sat down on a large live pig, who slid away, to my disgust, from under me, and made a portentous squeaking, to the disquiet of a horde of fowls, perched on every available spot above and below. The little light the place rejoiced in was disturbed by a crowd of thirty or forty 'Turchi,' who glared at us with the utmost curiosity, and talked in their vernacular tongue without ceasing. We had also a glimpse now and then of our Hebe handmaid, the assistant or 'waitress' in the establishment, a woman with one eye, whose countenance struck both of us as a model of a Medusa: nor was her mistress (the hostess) much better. Spite of all this, we nevertheless greatly enjoyed our roasted eggs, and were soon ready to start again; for although the heat was great out of doors, yet it was nearly as much so within; besides, Bova was a weary way off, and Dighi Dighi Dà made signs of impatience, so he paid for our lunch, and off we went once more into the blazing fumara."

We may, *en passant*, recal to Mr. Lear's memory—as an artist one wonders how it escaped him—that the Medusa was not *ugly* in the sense of physical deformity; beautiful she was, though terribly beautiful with her passionless face and serpent locks!

We hinted but now the advantages of escaping from the monotony of inns. See how our travellers fared in

SILKWORM HALL.

"Don Domenico Musitani, the chief man of the place, to whom the never-failing care of the Consigliere da Nava had recommended us, was sitting in the Piazza—an obese and taciturn man, who read the introductory letter, and forthwith took us to his house; which, among many unpleasant recollections, will certainly ever rank as one of the most disagreeable. Life in these regions of natural magnificence is full of vivid contrasts. The golden abstract visions of the hanging woods and crags of Pietrapennata were suddenly opposed to the realities of Don D. Musitani's rooms, which were so full of silkworms as to be beyond measure disgusting. To the cultivation of this domestic creature all Staifi is devoted; yellow cocoons in immense heaps are piled up in every possible place, and the atmosphere may be conceived rather than described; for there is no more sickening odour than that of many thousand caterpillars confined in the closest of chambers. Almost did we repent of ever having come into these Calabrian lands! After the usual refreshment of snow and wine, we waited wearily for supper; at times replying to the interrogatories of our host on the subject of the productions of Inghilterra, and right glad when dismissed to what rest might be found in couches apparently clean,

though odious from the silkworms all around them; but necessity as well as poverty makes the traveller acquainted with strange bed-fellows.

"August 4.—Long before daylight a troop of pigeons came into our room through the ill-shut door, and after them followed fowls, then dogs; all of which visitors we rejoiced to leave, and were soon exploring the town. Staifi has its full share of Calabrian mystery in its buildings, caves, and rocks, and employed our pencils far and near till noon, when we returned to our host's to find dinner laid out in one of our bedrooms, all among the silkworms as before. The contrast between the condition of this house of discomforts, and the cleanliness of those of the more northern provincials in the Neapolitan kingdom, is very striking. Donna Angela Musitani, who had not appeared last night, presided at the table, and our arrival seemed the occasion of a sort of dinner-party in our honour; for there was the Giudice of the town, besides a Canonico or two. The former, a well-bred man, when speaking of his 'life of exile' here, said, in the saddest of tones, 'O Dio! Signori! Fra Napoli e Staifi! fra il Paradiso e l'Inferno!' and, indeed, barring the out-door picturesqueness of the place, few more uninviting abodes than the odorous Staifi could be pointed out. Nor did the annoyances of a tribe of spoiled children and barking dogs add charms to the family dinner. But the 'vermi di seta' were our chief horror; and so completely did silkworms seem the life and air, end and material, of all Staifi, that we felt more than half sure, on contemplating three or four suspicious-looking dishes, that those interesting lepidoptera formed a great part of the groundwork of our banquet—silkworms plain boiled, stewed chrysalis, and moth tarts. Glad we were to rush out, to sit and draw among the rocks, pondering how we should once more revisit Pietrapennata on the morrow. Almost all the peasants had some greeting for us as they passed homeward after sunset. Some gave us pears, which seem the staple fruit of Southern Calabria; many asked us if we were planning and writing down for our governo; and one woman begged me to ask my king to ask *hers* to let her have salt cheaper; while another set forth a claim to her house being re-roofed, on account of her grandfather having been killed in battle. The Archpriest of Pietrapennata also accosted us, and, finding how desirous we were of revisiting that village and its forest scenery, good-naturedly asked us to dine at his house. Lingered as late as we could, we took refuge with the Giudice, Don Antonio Morano, for an hour, whose comfortable clean room (though not free from the general taint of the town's vermicular atmosphere) was a favourable contrast to our host's home. Thither, however, we at length retreated, to endure as best we might its evils; there we endured more strange food; the children screamed, the dogs howled; and the fat hostess amused herself by catching unwary dragon-flies, and holding them in the candle.

"August 5.—An hour before daylight we left the Palace of Cocoons with joy. How exquisite was the sweet morning light and air—the deep ravine full of air, the mill, and the ascent to the opposite side, where those surpassing woods fringed the park-like glades, or formed magnificent pictures with their grey trunks, and arms flung out over rock and dell! O rare woods of Pietrapennata! I do not remember to have seen a lovelier spot than the 'winged rock'—not unaptly named, feathered as it is from base to summit. None of your dense carpet-forests—your monotonies of verdure, but made up of separate combinations of pictorial effect, such as one can hardly fancy—Claude and Salvator Rosa at every step! All the morning we drew in this beautiful place, and little enough could our utmost efforts make of what would occupy a regiment of landscape-painters for years, if every one of them had as many arms and hands as Vishnu. At noon, a constant breeze plays among these unbragous groves, making even the heat of the day pleasant, and we moved reluctantly to the top of the hill, whose crown of foliage spread away in unmeasured lines to the north; hence the forest slopes conduct your eye eastward to Brancalione and other villages, starry bright against the blue waves. At the hamlet of Pietrapennata we found our acquaintance the archpriest, Don Domenico Luciani, waiting for us in his rustic dwelling, the divine himself clad in an undress of corduroys and a shooting-jacket, the like of which was never seen in the grave Roman States. As all and everybody of the village thronged to see us, we were fain to allow our reverend host to shut us up in a small dark room, where our homely dinner of beans, eggs, and salad was soon ready, and the old gentleman not being of an interrogative turn, his simple hospitality was very agreeable; and although his wine was very abominable, yet we had had the forethought to load Ciccio with a basketful of snow, four rotoli of which, wrapped in cloth, had melted but little, and served to nullify our host's fluid.

"About three we set off for Silkworm Hall, taking new paths through these most glorious scenes, but so continually distracted by fresh groups of wondrous beauty that we worked but very little, and arrived late (the later the better) at Staifi, well pleased at having once more seen a place which must always dwell in my memory as the beau-ideal of Calabrian park or forest scenery. Supper and silkworms once again; screaming children and howling dogs; the fat lady shouted and scolded, and anathematised the daddy-longlegs who flew into the candles; and mine host was savage at our having visited 'quel prete di Pietrapennata.'"

One must not leave without reading at least one page of

CALABRIAN ROMANCE.

"For centuries the families of these two feudal possessors of the towns of Pentaditilo and Montebello had been deadly foes, and they ruled, or fought for, the adjoining country from their strongholds in persevering enmity. The Baron of Montebello, a daring and ferocious youth, was left heir in early life to his ancestral estates and rights, and fell in love with the only daughter of the Marchese Pentaditilo; but, although the young lady had contrived to acquaint her lover that her heart was his, her hand was steadfastly denied him by the Marchese, whom the memory of long injuries and wars hardened in his refusal. Opposition, however, did but increase the attachment of the young lady, and she at length consented to leave her father's house with her lover; an arrangement being made that on a certain night she should open a door in the otherwise impenetrable rock-fortress of Pentaditilo, and admit young Montebello with a sufficient force of his retainers to ensure the success of her elopement."

"The Baron accordingly enters the castle, but finding that equal opportunity is presented him for vengeance on his feudal enemy, and for possessing himself of the object of his attachment, he resolves to make the most of both; he goes first to the chamber of the Marchese of Pentaditilo, and finds him sleeping by the side of the Marchese, with a dagger at his pillow's head. Him he stabs, yet not so fatally as to prevent his placing his left hand on the wound, and with his right seizing his stiletto, and plunging it into the heart of the innocent Marchese, suspecting her as the author of his death. The Baron Montebello repenting his blows, the Marchese falls forward on the wall, and his five blood-stained fingers leave traces, still shown

on part of the ruined hall,—a horrible memorial of the crime, strangely coincident with that of the form and name of the rock.

"Immediately on the consummation of this double tragedy, the active young Baron Montebello carried off the young lady, his retainers having put all the family of the Marchese to death, except one infant grandchild, whom a nurse saved by concealing him in a crevice of the rocks; the castle was then dismantled, and the lady became Baroness of Montebello. But she never spoke more; the horror of having been indirectly the destruction of her whole race occasioned her to become insane, and she poisoned herself within a month of her departure from her native town.

"In process of time, the child saved by the nurse grew up, and was introduced as a page into the Montebello family, the Baron having re-married, and being now the undisputed possessor of both territories as far as the sea; but, after many years of life, the wretched man became wild with remorse for his past iniquities, and made over all his possessions to the Church, provided only no living descendant of the Pentadillo could be found, a decent proviso, apparently made without any risk. When lo! the nurse and a small number of the old Marchese's friends proved, beyond any doubt, that the page was heir to the estates and revenge of his ancestors! And here you might suppose the story ended. Not at all. The Baron's hatred returned on finding there was really something on which to exercise it, and he ordered the torture and execution of young Pentadillo forthwith. But now the tables were turned; the Baron's long reign of wickedness lent weapons to his adversary's cause, and, in his turn, the last scion of the murdered Marchese became a tyrant. Forthwith the whole family of the Baron Montebello were destroyed before their parents' eyes, and he himself then blinded by order of the avenger, and chained for the rest of his days in the very room where he had slain the grandseigneur Pentadillo. Finally, as if it were ordered that the actors in such a wholesale domestic tragedy were unfit to remain on earth, the castle of Pentadillo fell by the shock of an earthquake, crushing together the Baron and Marchese, with the nurse, and every other agent in this Calabrian horror!

And also one touch of Mrs. Radcliffe, with a curious glimpse into the remoteness indicated by the ideas of England here recorded.

A MONASTERY IN CALABRIA.

"Slow and hazardous was the descent, and it was nine o'clock ere we arrived before the gate of this remote and singular retreat. It was a long while before we gained admittance; and the Superiore, a most affable old man, having read our letter, offered us all the accommodation in his power, which, as he said, we must needs see was small. Wonder and curiosity overwhelmed the ancient man and his brethren, who were few in number, and clad in black serge dresses. 'Why had we come to such a solitary place? No foreigner had ever done so before!' The hospitable father asked a world of questions, and made many comments upon us and upon England in general, for the benefit of his fellow-recluses. 'England,' said he, 'is a very small place, although thickly inhabited. It is altogether about the third part of the size of the city of Rome. The people are a sort of Christians, though not exactly so. Their priests, and even their bishops, marry, which is incomprehensible, and most ridiculous. The whole place is divided into two equal parts by an arm of the sea, under which there is a great tunnel, so that it is all like one piece of dry land. Ah—the celebre tunnel! A supper of hard eggs, salad, and fruit followed in the refectory of the convent, and we were attended by two monstrous watch-dogs, named Assassino and Saraceno, throughout the rest of the evening, when the silence of the long hall, broken only by the whispers of the gliding monk, was very striking. Our bed-rooms were two cells, very high up in the tower of the convent, with shutters to the unglazed windows, as a protection against the cold and wind, which were by no means pleasant at this great elevation. Very forlorn, indeed, were the sleeping apartments of Sta. Maria di Polsi, and fearful was the howling of the wind and the roaring of a thunder-storm throughout the night!—but it was solemn and suggestive, and the very antithesis of life in our own civilized and distant home."

Among the pleasant features of this book are the simplicity, friendliness, and honesty of the people, so skilfully and unobtrusively indicated. Nor must we forget the illustrations—beautiful lithographs from Mr. Lear's sketches—which make this a volume to adorn the drawing-room as well as to fascinate the reader.

THE LAW AND PRACTICE OF ELECTION COMMITTEES.

The Law and Practice of Election Committees. By John Clerk, of the Inner Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. S. Sweet, Chancery-lane.

This work is published very opportunely, now that the time is fast approaching when Parliamentary agents, and other members of the legal profession, as well as those M.P.'s who are unfortunate enough to be nominated to serve on Election Committees, will require a book bringing down this branch of the law "to the end of the last Parliament, and containing all the recent decisions of Election Committees." We have read several of the most important chapters, and have looked carefully through the whole work, and we can with confidence recommend it to any person requiring information upon the subject treated of. The style is concise and clear, and the absence of professional jargon will, we are sure, render it a favourite handbook with members of the House of Commons. In an appendix the author gives a collection of useful forms, and the statutes to which reference has most frequently to be made.

"An Act to amend the Law of Evidence," introduced by the veteran law reformer, Lord Brougham, and passed in the session before last, rendering parties to a suit competent and compellable to give evidence, applies clearly to parties to an Election Petition, and, as Mr. Clerk says, "It may therefore be expected that sitting members and candidates at the election will be called and compelled to disclose the transactions at the election of which they have any cognisance, they being always at liberty to decline answering any question put to them which they may consider as tending to criminate themselves; and bribery being a misdemeanour at common law, and an indictable offence, we fear that the Committees will not get much information on this head from the member whose return is petitioned against. As to the probable effect of this law upon the bearing of Election Petitions, we cannot do better than quote the remarks of Mr. Clerk, who has had considerable experience in these cases:—

"Whether this enactment will enable those questioning election proceedings to throw much additional light upon the matter, remains to be proved. It has been

intimated in many quarters, that corruption at elections will, in consequence of this change in the law of evidence, be much more effectually disclosed, and that many members will probably lose their seats in consequence. It may, however, be doubted, whether all the consequences that are anticipated will actually be met with in practice. For though the sitting member or candidate should decline to shelter himself under the dangerous shield of fear of criminating himself by his answer, and should state all that he did know on the matter, how little does a sitting member or candidate, in nine cases out of ten, know either of the bribery or the treating that is going on. He will be able to state on oath how determined he was to act with purity at the election; how specific his instructions were to his agents to that effect; how surprised and shocked he has been at hearing of any corrupt dealings, and deny all knowledge of the parties concerned in the bribery; and thus, instead of the member being more closely connected with the guilty parties, he may be able to show who were his accredited agents, and deny all connexion with those who have been proved before the committee, to have had a share in corrupt transactions. At the same time, from the examination of the candidates, important information may sometimes be obtained as to their connexion with the borough, &c.; upon whose invitation they went, who made the legal arrangements on their behalf and discharged the legal claims; what amount of money was paid by them into the bank, and what has been the cost of the election."

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

The Dodd Family Abroad. By Charles Lever. No. 3.

The Zoist.

Black House.

Sponge's Sporting Tour.

Weddings of Douglas Jerrold—Cakes and Ale. Part 5.

British Journal.

Bentley's Standard Library—Uncle Tom's Cabin. By H. B. Stowe.

Grimm's Household Stories—The Two Wanderers.

Picture Pleasure Book.

Tail's Edinburgh Magazine.

The Popular Educator. Vol. 1.

The Illustrated Exhibitor.

A History of Gold. By J. Ward.

The Life of His Grace the Duke of Wellington. By J. Ward.

Portrait Gallery.

Chapman and Hall.

H. Bailliere.

Bradbury and Evans.

Bradbury and Evans.

Punch Office.

Aviot and Jones.

Richard Bentley.

Addy and Co.

Addy and Co.

Sutherland and Knox.

John Cassell.

John Cassell.

W. S. Orr and Co.

W. S. Orr and Co.

W. S. Orr and Co.

Portfolio.

We should do our utmost to encourage the Beautiful, for the Useful encourages itself.—GUTHRIE.

LETTERS OF A VAGABOND.

VIII.

Audley Hall, Werneth, Jan. 17, 1852.

MOST PRIZED AND MOST HONOURED SIR,—Although it is most grateful to me to note that you keep me in your memory, inasmuch that my poor self occupies your accomplished pen, and that you have engaged yourself in the charitable task of rendering me more fit to hold converse with your so exalted mind; nevertheless it is in some degree grievous to me that you should so far throw your labour to waste as to commence the impossible labour of convincing me that what I see in England is not existent, but that what I do not see, but is written in certain old books by you favoured, is the thing that I ought to discover here in the realm of Great Britain, and to describe to you over again. For, with reverence be it spoken, the opinion that you urge me to recite to you is void of sense and altogether diverse from the truth, as you shall presently see. The pain that I confess to you, my dear Giorgio, is drawn precisely from the fact, that in England conviction is not stated fully, and that conduct is not downright—why do you spell it "dawnwright?"—but is evaded, or approached indirectly.

I came here the day before yesterday, and after a very brief word with Werneth, who met me at the station, I went straight to his father's with him, and was ushered by him into the library, where I found Giulia Sidney writing. At the sight of me she started, and drew back; but as Werneth retreated and closed the door, she threw herself into my arms. Then drawing back, with a mixture of playfulness and penitence, she said that I had come a long way to chide—I might have waited till her return.

She spoke in Tuscan, but I answered in English—perhaps as an instinctive resort to the severer tongue—that I had not come to chide her, but only to know her reasons.

"A woman's reasons!" she exclaimed; and pursuing her artful childishness, she tried to disarm me more by caresses, by tears, by confessions that she was wrong. But I would not be put off thus. She had done a real wrong to Ysult, in setting an example of insulting one who had not wronged her, and who was in every way a truer woman than she is. Nay, I felt a sort of indignation on behalf of Julia herself, as she could be if she chose, for she has many noble points in her nature. Julia is ever trying hard to avoid recognition on her right ground, and to obtain it on one where she has no real footing. Her father was a writer of fame; her husband will survive even unto generations able to read him by their own strong sent light, and not as men do now, like people in a railway tunnel, by the glimmering light of the future. Her mother was a George Sand, clear and faithful in purpose, a rebel against insincerity; and she herself might have continued the line. But, with such a genealogy, she wishes to take her stand upon her husband's birth; and in that vain pursuit she consents to be a female "tuft-hunter." With a loving heart and quick veins she shapes her way in life by the fashions of those who will not trust or accept her; and she is a voluntary exile from the world of art, in the vain hope of earning admittance to the world of high birth and fashion, and social legitimacy. Bitter must be the tears she weeps—a double outcast; and her

fate makes me pity her the more for its being her own fault. Yet it makes me not the less resolved to bring her to account for her inexplicable aggression on Yseult; inexplicable, unless it was provoked by Yseult's inexorable simplicity.

Yseult is indeed the exact reverse of Giulia. Her simplicity might pass for indifference, for a *laissez aller* to the humour of the hour, if the directness of her mind did not make her always respond to any call upon it; and the power both of her understanding and of her heart is seen exactly in proportion to the demand upon them. In this simple directness, she reminds me of Sidney more than any man whom I have known; but it is a quality more common in woman than in man.

My indignation, both for Giulia herself and for Yseult, made me unyielding. Giulia went even so far as to press my hand to her heart, with many pretty glances; telling me that I ought not to importune her for any reason except that she was jealous of me. I told her that she should not escape by inciting in me a presumptuousness which had become impossible. Then she seemed really hurt, if not angry; sat down sullenly; and confessed that there was a "practical reason" for her declining to know Yseult or to be seen in relation with her.

"Giulia," I cried, "sei tu che me lo dici?"

"Oh, yes!" she said, with an expression of real spite, "you can change tongue when you wish to lead me off my own path! But if you hunt me down I shall turn upon you." She continued, doggedly—"I refused to know your Mrs. Edwardes because she is not a proper acquaintance."

"But why—tell me why?" At last she yielded, and said that it was because there had been some scandalous gossip about Mrs. Edwardes. Respecting whom? I asked. "You need not inquire," she said. I persevered; and she said, sulkily, that the rumour pointed at myself!

I did not expect that; though, of course, I have seen too much ever more to be surprised. But I still pressed Giulia for a further reason: "How is it," I said, "that on such grounds you could refuse to know a woman like Yseult Edwardes; and above all how can you avow such a reason to me?"

"She has taught you at all events to be ungenerous."

"She has taught me nothing but to be more steadfast than ever to truth, of word and act. I am not ungenerous to you, Giulia; quite the reverse: I only call upon you to be worthy of yourself. Why, in presence of the memory of Asti, why in the very room with Rivers—for I saw him there—why speak to me in such a strain? Is it worse to be suspected than to do? Or do you condemn yourself?"

"I condemn no one. But at least there is respect due to appearances. One must, you know, do as others do; and those who openly defy the world are outlaws, and cannot expect that all should consent to share their fate. If they will be lost, why should we weakly suffer ourselves to be dragged after?"

"Appearances! tribute to 'Anarch Custom!' Do you, then, the wife of Sidney, turn renegade to his memory?"

She burst into tears—good, hearty, genuine tears; and leaning on my shoulder, only said—"I am very foolish, and very miserable." There was no answering that. I consoled her without much difficulty; for she knew that, through all her caprices and inconsistencies, I had never doubted her heart. She easily allows herself the luxury of a penitent reconciliation. I consented to spend the rest of the day at Werneth's, and this morning she has sent me over a letter which she has written before breakfast, for me to take to Yseult, confessing her idle discourtesy, and asking for Yseult's forgiveness and friendship. It is nobly written, not only with all her literary skill, but with expressions of a feeling that must have been felt not fancied. How admirable Julia is, when she is not under the eye of the world: how she sinks below mediocrity when she thinks that eye is upon her. How vulgar when she takes her stand upon an *escoccheon* to which she was not born; how much above all *escoccheons* when she takes her place in the circle of true Art!

As I was going up to my bed-room, last night, I met on the stairs a young woman, who seems to be one of the servants, and who screamed at the sight of me in such a way as to draw around us Audley and all the family. The poor girl staggered, and would have fallen, if I had not caught her, and recognised her as the servant who had been so recently dismissed from the Johnson's, and I suppose she feared that I might cause her to lose her new place; but, of course, her fear was vain. After various dramatic groupings over the fainting form of the girl, she revived, and we attained our several rooms. The terror with which she regarded me was unaccountable; still more so, a sort of general consternation in some of the family group, partly explained, perhaps, by the fact which Mrs. Audley told me, that the girl was come to be wet-nurse to Mrs. Ashwell, the eldest daughter, and it might be feared that the baby would suffer. So here is this poor girl, being poor, condemned to neglect her own child, and to become the hireling mother for that of a stranger; that stranger, probably, "civilized" into an incapacity for being a complete mother to her own offspring! However, it is a point of redemption, that the necessity of the over-cultivated rich provides an asylum for the poor outcast.

Does moral character go with the milk of nurture? If so, the fact might account for the plebeian aspects and tastes of many of our English nobility and gentry.

Yesterday, I went with Werneth to the neighbouring town of Brinksway—a concentrated offshoot of Manchester. We went over a factory, in

which everything is done by steam, from the tearing of the raw cotton to the grinding of a knife, or the throwing coals on the furnace through a "self-acting hopper." The yarn spun, the cloth woven, were admirable; the only part of the machinery that was unsatisfactory was the human part. I know not what appearance of activity and worn-out life indicated feeble vigour in the men; but the sight of the women was the worst. I can hardly describe it. You see many fine-looking girls, many intelligent faces. A sort of infantile pinafore is worn by many, without much reference to age. To see women at a steady drudgery which is real hard work—to note the development of that human flower in all stages of its growth, the countenance expressing, as it most often does, a certain overwrought feeling—a womanly tenderness over developed, conjoined with a sort of hardness and effrontery, is most painful. Before the fulness and bloom of youth are gone, a sickly thoughtfulness possesses the countenance; then, while the face hardens, that thoughtfulness becomes sadness; but still the sadness cannot retire within itself—it is chained to the ceaseless industry of the loom, pilloried in the eye of a world that cannot be troubled with bashfulness. Womanhood runs the gauntlet of every indignity; and it is at once consolatory and terrible, to see that womanhood is not extinguished, but preserves some relic of its heart and feeling under that bold, sad countenance. Many of these women, Werneth told me, are murderers of their children—some literally, others indirectly, by the neglects of hired nursing. It is better than it was before the state interfered to check their labour; but still it is bad. I thought I could see that some of the murderers still loved their children. Perhaps I was mistaken; for how could I tell which were the murderers, which the faithful mothers. But what a horrible state of society must that be, in which the murderer-mother and the motherly mother cannot be distinguished—in which remorse shall be undistinguishable from toil, toil downcast like remorse!

We went to the police court; the Town Clerk all cordiality and pleasantry. There was an assault case on: several boys and girls, probably all under twenty, or about that age, were accused of an assault at a wedding-supper in a public-house; several other boys and girls being the prosecutors; and more of them the witnesses. "Are you married?" asked the Town Clerk, to a boy and girl. "Yes, sir." "And you?" "Yes, sir." "And you." Yes, they were nearly all married. They had met for festivity; they had exchanged witticisms which I should not like to write; a fight followed; one girl was killed; and two others, very delicate looking young ladies, in most becoming dresses, mutually wounded each other with tongue and fist. It was a horrid spectacle—that glimpse into the pleasures of "life" outside the factory. The Town Clerk drew it all out like a man used to the process, and justice "disposed of the case" with facile familiarity.

We dined with the Town Clerk—a most agreeable, witty, well-informed man; who evidently returns the borough member, and takes things as they come, including two or three comfortable salaries. In the evening we went to a public meeting, to consider the non-observance of the Ten Hours Bill—an Act of Parliament to limit the hours of labour, which used to be terribly severe. The place was a large low room in a public-house. Werneth and I found the "committee" assembled, with pipe and pot of beer at hand; and a remarkable group they were. One was a heavy man, with a handsome *slow* face, inclined to flush with a quick pride—an honest, sensitive, dogged, dull-witted fellow. Another, pointed out to me as the leader in 1848—a short man with flowing locks, black turning to grey, and a musical voice, that had a ring in it peculiar to this part of the country; a most plausible benevolent countenance, and a leering eye that overlooked nothing. Another was a gaunt glassy-eyed man, who might have been in the last stage of a consumption: he was emitting rabid sedition, and filling the aching void in his bosom with fiery brandy and water. A fourth was a lad, girlish in look and voice. But amongst the working classes, excluded as they are from *real* political action, the boy assumes the political toga as soon as he earns wages. The whole scene was unpleasant. The way in which the "committee" doctored its "telling" resolutions, so as to hit the prejudices of the expected crowd; the covert arrogance of the meeting, as holding itself identical with "the people;" the ostentatious ignorance of Bolling, the benevolent-faced leader of 1848; his complaints, always on behalf of "others," his recital of his own sufferings under the "tyranny" of masters; the fierce earnestness of numbers who ultimately crowded the room, the laughing chatting nonchalance of others, who held up their hands for the resolutions with the most attentive; the bullying tone, "resolving" not to petition but to demand rights—all these were unpleasant traits. But the worst was to follow. As the meeting began to thin, Bolling took a new part, and played beggar on behalf of the "association;" and it was impossible not to note the glare of rapacity in his eye as he drew to himself the pence wrung from the working people. Bolling was a hand-loom weaver "out of work:" but his weaving is a tradition; his business is this trade in meetings, committees, associations, and grievances. In better days, he used to get up a riot, now and then, to renew the life of his "agitation," as sticks are thrust into a fire that is going out. After the "treasurer" came the landlord, who had already flitted about like a thrifty ghost, and who now made the best harvest from a crowd thirsty with "agitating" in a hot room. In the course of the speaking, one unfortunate enthusiast objected to petitioning Parliament; because, he said, if the working classes were all united they need not ask, but might take their rights. A loud howl followed, and cries of "Spy!" The working men have been so deceived by their leaders that they have no faith in each other nor in their own objects. Their

English spirit is gone. The public meeting seems to me nothing but a conventional machinery to collect pence for some trading statesman of the class, for some "secretary" always out of work; and to collect customers for some landlord, who broaches revolutionary principles as a whet to the advertisement of his own beer. That every man who *begs* should not be respected for that mere fact! Undisciplined helpless numbers, rapacious trading agents for agitation, turbulent bullying and timid trimming seemed to my unfamiliar eyes the traits of this public meeting. "Political power!" The working classes of England seem to have grown out of all knowledge that political power is not a "right," but a *fact*; their leaders evidently view it neither as a right nor a fact, but only as a catchword for an advertisement in the "agitation" trade. I noticed a policeman solemnly taking notes of the nonsense, especially of that wild gentleman who suggested to the company in this public house parlour the example of Hampden and Cromwell: Werneth conjectures that these reports are duly sent up to the Office of the Interior; and the Secretary of State holds that by such means he is well informed as to "the state of the country," and "the feelings of the people"! This "liveried servant of our tyrannical and despotic oppressors," was a standing figure in the eloquence of the benevolent-faced secretary; and I believe that the policeman at such a meeting, like the wooden Highlander which I see at the door of a common dealer in tobacco and snuff, is worth many pence to men like Bolling. Once the English were free, and able to defend their own freedom; now they are content to play at being "slaves," and to make the claims of their order a wretched farce. At least, so it appeared to me, who have little in common with them now—little beside a common history—an "old almanac"!

The sun is rising as bright and clear across the wintry grounds, as if no Bolling had threatened over night to set the world in order; but something seems to be amiss in this house: I see policemen outside, and hear a bustle, so that I may be interrupted. I hope I am not going to be pilloried in public ridicule as a "patriot" after the new English fashion.

P.S.—Do not be afraid: it is not *I* whom the policemen want; but *I* will tell you what it is next time. I am off for London.

PASSAGES FROM A BOY'S EPIC.

XI.

HESPERIA.

SHE ceased, and Bacchus standing near her throne,
Smiled, and the assembled princes thus bespake:
"Hesperian Powers! that in Heaven's earlier days
Once knew me as the father of all life,
Yet lone, remote, and in the eternal depth
Of Godhead, self-absorbed and self-sustained:
Now know me as I know myself through love,
For the true knowledge dwells with love alone,
And Gods are then most Gods when most they love.
I stood among the Olympian potentates
And told them thought was life: that to behold
Beauty and weigh it in the even scale
Of judgment that preserves an equal soul,
Was the fit work of Gods. I said that love,
And all large passion felt by dying men,
Might yearn or sing upon melodious strings,
To round the life of heaven's imperial sons
To fuller knowledge, but that starry looks
May not flush high, nor deathless pulses throb
With the sweet fire that burns in lowlier blood.
And so forsaking all the gentler Gods,
I stood alone, nor loved, nor was beloved,
And I knew life, not feeling what life was.
But this was in the Past. Henceforth I live
Among the other Gods and love like them.
To-morrow feasting shall make glad the heavens,
And golden trumpets blow and garlands twine
Round the dim heads of Gods, and faces gleam
In wavering beauty through the shadowy clouds.
But now farewell, ye Powers! that rule a world,
Where light and fragrance and soft azure calm
Lull the tranced spirit in ambrosial dreams,
Or lift it singing to the golden homes,
Where endless morning dwells. Here, gentle Gods,
Here in your starry loveliness abide,
Serene and still as waters when the winds
Ruffle them not, but sunlight colours them.
Soon as he ended, glad acclaim arose,
And through majestic halls the Gods advanced,
Mid glimmering mazes of purpureal light,
Nor paused, until they gained the liberal sky.
There were the tidings told, there joy revived,
And voices, like great waters, rolled aloft.
But soon the Gods paced down the marble streets,
While crocus, rose and lily, white or red,
With orange, olander, and sweet lime,
Made beautiful their going. Far away
The moving glory of their mighty march

Continuous shone, nor was there any end,
But in egression infinite they moved,
Both van and rear, a galaxy of Gods.
At length emerging in a boundless plain,
Their line of march broke up, and all the night,
Beneath a fairer moon in fairer heavens,
With melody of harp and Lotus flute,
And beat of dulcimers, they danced and sang,
And ever as they danced a stormy sound
Now rose, now fell, as when the inconstant winds
Now fall, now rise, in hollows of old rocks.
So danced and sang the Gods, but Bacchus left
Dionium and the palace of the Queen;
And plunging low into the purple depths
Of surging air, with steadfast motion flew,
Like a continual brightness, down the night.

M.

THE CHIVALRY OF LABOUR EXHORTED TO THE WORSHIP OF BEAUTY.

OUR world oft turns in gloom, and life hath many a perilous way,
Yet there is no path so desolate and thorny, cold and gray,
But BEAUTY like a beacon burns above the dark of strife,
And like an Alchemist, ay turns all things to golden life.
On human hearts her presence droppeth precious manna down,
On human brows her glory gathers like a coming crown:
Her smile lights up Life's troubled stream, and Love, the swimmer!
lives;
And O 'tis brave to battle for the guerdon that she gives!
Then let us worship BEAUTY with the knightly faith of old,
O Chivalry of Labour toiling for the Age of Gold.

The first-fruits of the Past at BEAUTY's shrine are offered up,
From which a vintage meet for Gods she crusheth in her cup;
And from the living Present doth she press the rare new wine,
To glad the hearts of all her lovers with a draught divine.
Earth's crowning miracle! she comes! with blessing lips, that part
Like mid-May's rose flush open with the fragrance of her heart:
And Life turns to her colour—kindles with her light—like flowers
That garner up the golden fire, and suck the mellow showers.
Come let us worship BEAUTY with the knightly faith of old,
O Chivalry of Labour toiling for the Age of Gold.

Come let us worship BEAUTY where the budding Spring doth flower,
And lush, green leaves, and grasses flush out sweeter every hour;
Or Summer's tide of splendour floods the lap o' the World once more,
With riches like a sea that surges jewels on its shore.
Come feel her ripening influence when Morning feasts our eyes—
Thro' open gates of glory—with a glimpse of Paradise:
Or queenly Night sits crowned, smiling down the purple gloom,
And Stars, like Heaven's fruitage, melt i' the glory of their bloom.
Come let us worship BEAUTY with the knightly faith of old,
O Chivalry of Labour toiling for the Age of Gold.

Come from the den of darkness and the city's soil of sin,
Put on your radiant Manhood, and the Angel's blessing win!
Where wealthier sunlight comes from Heaven, like welcome-smiles of
God,

And Earth's blind yearnings leap to life in flowers, from out the sod:
Come worship BEAUTY in the forest-temple, dim and hush,
Where stands Magnificence dreaming! and God burneth in the bush:
Or where the old hills worship with their silence for a psalm,
Or ocean's weary heart doth keep the sabbath of its calm.
Come let us worship BEAUTY with the knightly faith of old,
O Chivalry of Labour toiling for the Age of Gold.

Come let us worship BEAUTY, she hath subtle power to start
Heroic word and deed out-flashing from the humblest heart.
Great feelings will gush unawares, and freshly as the first
Rich Rainbow, that up-started Heaven in tearful splendour burst.
O blessed are her lineaments, and wondrous are her ways
To retouch God's out-worn image in the suffering human face!
Our bliss shall richly overbrim like sunset in the west,
And we shall dream immortal dreams and banquet with the Blest.
Then let us worship BEAUTY with the knightly faith of old,
O Chivalry of Labour toiling for the Age of Gold.

GERALD MASSEY.

The Arts.

THE WINTER THEATRES.

Now our season may really be said to begin. Fogs have returned with that unapproachable superiority so unmistakably English. Rains have washed our windows with an Anglo-Saxon perseverance. The Paletot and Great Coat in ample magnificence envelope the British torso, and Theatres open, to purify and elevate the British Soul by some *παθημάτων καθαρίων* anticipated by Aristotle, but not yet discovered by Vivian.

Apropos of Aristotle, and Greek writers generally, I have an explanation to offer to Maria, who "wonders" why I can't "leave Greek and Latin to snuffy pedants and writers in quarterly reviews." A little German, Spanish, Italian, or French, she thinks, serve to vary the style; but Greek and Latin she doesn't understand, and, therefore, looks upon them as impertinent. Now, as Maria, in the same breath, calls me "frivolous" (*παλαίσ*!), I will initiate her into my secret.

Ancient writers (doesn't it sound imposing?) mention a dwarf poet living in Athens or Rome, who was so small and light that his friends fastened lead to his sandals to prevent the wind toppling him over. There's "levity" for you, Maria! And there you see the virtue of lead. I take the hint. Conscious of my own specific levity, I leaden my remarks with imposing Greek, or formidable philosophy. For you will have noticed in the British mind an incurable suspicion of all vivacious talkers and writers. A solemn ass is so respectable—a "joker" is not to be listened to. As it is not in my nature to be grave, I borrow my gravity from the Greeks. Greek covereth a vast array of ignorance. Greek endoweth stupidity with an air of very supreme wisdom. That which in English would be commonplace, an adroit writer puts in Greek, and then

"How the wit brightens!—how the style refines!"

It has been my lot (I may say misfortune) to have read a considerable amount of Greek in my time, and, honestly, the best use I have found for it has been for lead to my sandals. I harass Jones with Greek; he would despise me if it were not for that; but as he does not know what depths of wisdom may not lie concealed in the mind of a man who calls himself *πολύδακρυτος ἀνὴρ* (a really fine phrase, by the way—"the many-sorrowed man!"), and who tells him that *ἐμαθεν ἐφ' ὧν ἐράθε* ("he has learned through the things he has suffered"), Jones keeps contempt in abeyance—though, to be sure, he replaces it with dislike. I harass him, and he hates me. I crush his arguments by a quotation which he doesn't understand, and so he is silent, because he is ashamed to ask the meaning!

Having replied to Maria, I am now called upon to defend myself against another correspondent, whose charge is, I regret to say, more serious, though it is wrapped up in such delightful flattery, that I can only kiss the hand that chastises (imaginatively, of course!) I am called upon to laugh at, or be indignant with myself—a feat not easy, although I have abundant laughter, and no deficiency of indignant blood in reference to others. But you shall hear the charge:—

"I am doubtful whether this letter, complaining of one of your favourite correspondents, will have a chance of being noticed; but cannot refrain an attempt to reach 'Vivian's' conscience, and make him think again about reading *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. He says that he cannot take an active part in the anti-slavery movement, therefore does not want his feelings excited on the subject. Is not that a sentiment he would laugh at in any one else?—if, indeed, he would not treat them with utter contempt. I have seen a country squire hurry from a room every time the subject of Free-trade was introduced, fearing he might be converted; and have heard an old lady exclaim against listening to, or reading a book on vegetarianism, because there might be some truth in it, and for the world she wouldn't have her mind unsettled on the subject. And everybody knows the repugnance that orthodox people have to discuss theology. But that 'Vivian'—the bold, energetic, all-persuasive Vivian—should shrink from any struggle where right and wrong contend, passes all belief!"

"I assert, that he can take an active part in the cause; for his opinion, given pleasantly but vividly in one of his careless articles, has an electric influence, and strikes far down into the hidden feelings of many hearts! He could thus work more effectively than half the noisy, bustling professors, and do more real good than those who merely contribute silver and gold. I contend, that he has no right to draw back and 'bury his talent!' For a punishment, I would like to oblige him to sit still, and peruse calmly every page of that book; and I should take a malicious pleasure watching the tears roll down his cheeks, or the blood rush to his brow, as imagination pictured the wrongs of humanity, until his very soul was

stirred, and he had resolved to think again whether he could not do something in aid of the Right.

"I am, respectfully,

"ONE OF VIVIAN'S MANY UNKNOWN FEMALE ADMIRERS."

"Thou almost persuadest me to be an Abolitionist." I suppose I ought to feel repentant, and at once take up *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; there is one thing that would decide me, and that is for my Fair Unknown to come and sit beside me while I read it. *Galeotto fu il libro*. . . . Ah! one thinks of Fanny Rimini and her Vivian!

But perhaps all this is digressive; and some *acharné* playgoer will be impatient at my not writing up to my title, telling him "all about" the Theatres. What does he care for Unknown Correspondents; they don't write to him! Well, then, to be theatrical: we were speaking of Aristotle; no, he was dragged in apropos of the British Drama—sadly in want of an Aristotle, still more in want of a Sophocles. The British Drama, then, is opening her Temples—and there is an agitation in several of the Lay Pulpits. For example, DREARY LANE, having found a manager still more enterprising than even Bunn the Magnificent, "her Majesty's servants" have been performing *Richelieu*, *Richard III.*, and the *Hunch-back*, in a style which—I am credibly informed—would not disgrace the finest Barn in the three kingdoms. The ADELPHI has also re-opened—Madame Celeste making her first appearance since her tour in America, and welcomed with enthusiasm by her staunch admirers. The HAR- MARKET re-opened with the old company performing *Money*, with Barry Sullivan as *Evelyn*, rather alarming in the matter of costume: why does he not take a hint from Leigh Murray? And on Thursday the *Road to Ruin* introduced a debutante, Miss Rosa Bennett, to a London public, and Alfred Wigan to his old friends of the Haymarket. At SADLER'S WELLS there has been a "revival" of Massinger's *City Madam*, very dexterously altered as regards the text, very carefully mounted as regards costume and scenic disposition, and very powerfully acted as regards Phelps's personation of *Luke*. I have not been able to see it yet, but a critic, for whose opinion I have unqualified respect, both as to sagacity and independence, assures me that more than once the acting reminded him of the force and lionlike rapidity of Kean. [*Mem. for innocents—not Charles.*]

From this rapid glance at the "opening preparations for the winter campaign," you perceive that I shall have enough to do shortly; meanwhile let me tell you of the new melodrama at the PRINCESS'S,

MONT ST. MICHEL.

It has been got up with all the care and beauty for which the house is renowned, and achieved a *succès de spectacle* in spite of the feebleness of the drama. The situations are good and very picturesque; but, partly from the want of organic life in the piece, and partly from the poorness of the acting, the applause was almost solely due to the scene-painters and the stage-manager. A piquant and original ballet, which opens the piece—a very striking scene of soldiers dismantling a castle—a thrilling pantomimic scene, where Miss Leclercq climbs into the castle by the window, swings herself on to an old chest of drawers, descends, carries off the papers, and makes her escape by the same route, while the startled soldiers mistake her for a fairy as she stands in the moonlight for an instant, and then leaps from the window—these were the "points" of the first act; in the second act there is a wonderful scene of the Sands by night, covered by mist, and the gradual breaking of day dispelling the mist. But although the applause was uproarious, it was, as I said before, almost exclusively given to the spectacle. When materially shortened, I have no doubt the decorations will ensure it a run.

Wright made his first appearance at this theatre in *Mont St. Michel*, and was welcomed like a favourite. He did his best to make the part of *Thibaut* funny, and the audience laughed where they could (and you know how little it takes to make an audience laugh), but, on the whole, they felt that they were laughing at Wright, and not at *Thibaut*. VIVIAN.

THE THEATRES IN PARIS.—The receipts of the theatres and other places of public amusement in Paris during the month of August amounted to 720,314f., being an increase over those of the month of July of 257,193f. This improvement may be divided—52,298f. for the theatres which receive subventions, 212,441f. for the secondary theatres, and 4417f. for different places of curiosity. The concerts and *café* concerts have produced 11,965f. less.—*Galignani*.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE. BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK. (CLOSING PRICES.)

	Satur.	Mon.	Tues.	Wedn.	Thurs.	Frid.
Bank Stock	230
3 per Cent. Red.	99½
3 per Cent. Con. Ans.	100	100	100½	100½	100½
3 per Cent. Con. Ac.	100	100	100	100½	100½	100½
3½ per Cent. An.
New 5 per Cents.
Long Ans., 1860
India Stock	279	276	278
Ditto Bonds, £1000	86	86
Ditto, under £1000	86	86	83
Ex. Bills, £1000	67 p	68 p	68 p	71 p	71 p
Ditto, £500	71 p	71 p
Ditto, Small	71 p	71 p

FOREIGN FUNDS. (LAST OFFICIAL QUOTATION DURING THE WEEK ENDING FRIDAY EVENING.)

Belgian 4½ per Cents.	98	Sardinian 5 per Cents.	96
Brazilian 5 per Cents.	102	Spanish 3 p. Cents.	51½
Danish 5 per Cents.	104½	Spanish 3 p. Cts. New Def.	24½
Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif.	90½	Turkish Loan, 6 per Cent.
Peruvian 6 per Cents.	103	1852.....	8½ pm.
Russian 4½ per Cents.	104½	Venezuela 3½ per Cents.	90½

St. James's Theatre.

ORGANOPHONIC BAND. LAST SIX NIGHTS.

The Director has the honour to announce that, in compliance with the pressing desire of several distinguished Families arriving in Town, and in consequence of the increasing success which continues to attend these Concerts, he has been induced to Postpone for a few days his provincial engagements, and to repeat these Extraordinary Performances every evening during the ensuing week, being the last appearance of the ORGANOPHONIC BAND at the above Theatre.

Stalls, 5s.; Boxes, 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Amphitheatre, 1s. Tickets and places to be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Library, 33, Old Bond Street, at the Box-Office of the Theatre, and at the principal Libraries and Music Sellers. Doors open at eight o'clock; Performances commence at half-past eight.

SECRETARY WANTED, for the LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, JOHN STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.—The Office being open to competition, Candidates must send in written applications, with testimonials of character and ability, addressed to the Committee, on or before Tuesday, October 19th, 1852. Inquiries as to Salary, Duties, &c., can only be made in the Committee Room between the hours of Seven and Ten in the Evening.

EDWARD TRUELOVE, Sec. pro tem.

BARON LIEBIG ON PALE ALES.

If I wished to associate with any individual brewery my remarks on the alleged adulteration of bitter beer with starch, it would have been only natural to have mentioned another brewery, in which alone, and not in Mr. Allsopp's, I was engaged in investigating the Burton mode of brewing, and it was also in that brewery, and not in Mr. Allsopp's, that the Bavarian brewers acquired all the instructions they obtained—at Burton. The admiration I expressed of this beverage, in my letter to Mr. Allsopp, is advertised in such a manner as to lead to the inference that my praise was exclusively confined to Mr. Allsopp's beer; this was not the case; my remarks referred to that class of beer.

Gieszen, July 24, 1852.
N.B.—The Baron's original letter is in the hands of Mr. Miller, at the Jerusalem Coffee-house, Cornhill, where it may be seen by any one taking an interest in the matter.

ESTABLISHED 1837.

Incorporated by special Act of Parliament.

Intending Life Assurers and Policy Holders in other Companies are invited to examine the rates, principles, and position of the

SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION FOR MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE BY MODERATE PREMIUMS.

THE SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION claims superiority over other mutual offices in the following particulars:—

- 1.—Premiums at early and middle age about a fourth lower.
- 2.—A more accurate adjustment of the rates of premiums to the several ages.
- 3.—A principle in the division of the surplus more safe, equitable, and favourable to good lives.
- 4.—Exemption from entry money.

All policies indisputable, unless obtained by fraud.

SPECIMENS OF PREMIUMS.

Annual Premiums for £100, with whole profits.

Age 20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55
£1 15 s	1 18 s	2 16 s	2 6 s	2 14 s	3 6 s	4 17 s	5 11 s

Annual Premiums, payable for 21 years only, for £100,

with whole profits.

Age 20	25	30	35	40	45	50
£2 7 s	2 10 s	2 14 s	2 10 s	3 6 s	4 14 s	5 17 s

A comparison of these premiums with those of any other office will at once show the immediate advantage secured in the SCOTTISH PROVIDENT. The premiums payable for 21 years only are nearly the same as many offices require during the whole of life.

PROGRESS.

Since its institution in 1837, this Society has issued upwards of 5750 policies, the assurances exceeding Two Millions and a Half, a result the more satisfactory, as the Directors have strictly adhered to their rule of allowing No Commission to any other than their own recognised official agents.

Its whole affairs are in the most prosperous condition, as shown by the Annual Reports, which with prospectus, tables of annuity and assurance premium, and every information may be obtained, free, on application to the London Branch, 12, Moorgate Street, City.

GEORGE GRANT, Resident Secretary.

WATCHES! WATCHES! WATCHES!

Save 50 per Cent. by purchasing your Watches direct from the Manufacturer, at the Wholesale Trade Price.

Warranted Gold Watches, extra jewelled, with all the recent improvements £3 15 0
The same Movements in Silver Cases 2 0 0
Handsome Morocco Cases for same 0 2 0
Every other description of Watch in the same proportion.

Sent Free to any part of the Kingdom upon receipt of One Shilling Extra.

Duplex and other Watches practically Repaired and put in order, at the Trade Prices, at

DANIEL ELLIOTT HEDGER'S WHOLESALE WATCH MANUFACTORY,
27, CITY ROAD, near Finsbury Square, London.

Merchants, Captains, and the Trade supplied in any quantities on very favourable terms.

COSTA-RICA COMPANY.—Notice is hereby given, that No Application for Shares in this Company will be received after Wednesday, the 13th of October. (By Order of the Council of Direction).
GEORGE MACONOCHE, Secretary.
4, Adam's Court, Old Broad Street.

THE COSTA-RICA COMPANY, for the Junction of the Atlantic and Pacific, by Road or Railway, through extensive Mining Districts of Gold, Silver, Copper, Iron, and Coal. In virtue of Concessions granted by the Legislature and Government of Costa Rica.
In 60,000 Shares of £5 each. Deposit £1 per Share, and the subsequent Instalments of £1 each, at periods of not less than Six Months apart.
The Company being established "en comandita," and the shares being to Bearer, no Deed has to be signed, and the shareholders are liable only to the extent of their respective Shares.

PRESIDENT.

The Right Honourable the Earl of Devon.

VICE-PRESIDENT.

The Right Honourable Lord Erskine.

MANAGER.

J. S. Buckingham, Esq., Stanhope Lodge, St. John's Wood.

ENGINEER-IN-CHIEF.

Capt. W. S. Moorsom, C.E., Westminster.

BANKERS.

Messrs. Masterman & Co., and Ransom & Co., London.

BROKERS.

Messrs. Lind & Richard, and Edward Cazenove, Lothbury.

SOLICITORS.

Messrs. Pearce, Phillips, Winckworth, and Pearce,
10, St. Swithin's Lane.

The Government of Costa Rica have granted to this Company a Tract of Land, across the whole Isthmus, for forming the Route; and, in addition to this, a magnificent Territory of rich and fertile soil, exceeding a million of acres, with all its mineral riches, to be held in perpetuity. And the Concessionaries are, in unsharred possession of their Estate, with a Settlement there. The climate is healthy, the temperature moderate, and all the necessities of life procurable at less than half their cost in Europe; and according to the testimony of those who have resided in the country, no part of the globe possesses greater advantages for Emigrants than Costa Rica.

The Government is firmly established—the country tranquil—the inhabitants friendly; and full protection of person, property, and religion, is guaranteed to all Settlers or Colonists, by a Treaty of Peace and Amity between the Government of Costa Rica and Great Britain, signed on the 27th of November, 1849. It has no national debt, no slaves, and no hostile Indian tribes.

The Shareholders of this Company will be entitled, in respect of every Share held by them, to one acre of cultivable land in the country (reserving only the minerals to the Company); and every holder of Twenty Shares and upwards, an additional allotment will be made of one square yard of town building ground for each Share, in those places fixed on by the Company's Surveyor for the laying out of towns, subject to his plans and appropriation.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares may be had of the Brokers and Solicitors named above, and at the Office of the Company.

(By Order of the Council of Direction).
GEORGE MACONOCHE, Secretary.

4, Adam's Court, Old Broad Street.

THE AUSTRALASIAN EMIGRANTS' MONETARY AID COMPANY.

(Provisionally Registered.)

Office—9, AUSTINFRIARS. Emigrants' Entrance—Austinfriars Passage.

TRUSTEES.

Sir Cavendish Rambold, Bart., Twickenham.
Ampley Pellatt, Esq., M.P., Blackfriars.
T. S. Richards, Esq., (Richards and Co.) Bishopsgate.

The chief objects are to advance the whole of the passage money to Emigrants, upon their paying a premium and giving approved security in Great Britain. The advances repayable by instalments to the Colonial Agents, which will be invested for purchasing gold. From this and other sources a profit, yielding a dividend of 5 per cent. the first year, and 15 per cent. afterwards, can be clearly shown in the Prospectus.

The Provisional Directors have the pleasure to announce that a petition has been presented by them praying for Her Majesty's Royal Charter of Incorporation for this Company, and that the draft of the proposed Charter has also been lodged.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

"To the Provisional Directors of the Australasian Emigrants' Monetary Aid Company.

"Gentlemen,—I request you to allot me shares in the above undertaking, and I hereby agree to accept the said shares, or any less number you may allot me, and to pay the sum of £1 on each share at the time to be specified in your letter of allotment, and sign the Deed of Settlement when required.

Name in full

Residence

Occupation

Date

Reference's Name

Residence

Occupation

For Prospectuses and Shares apply at the Offices, or to Oliver Raymond, Esq., the Broker to the Company, 6, Bank Chambers,
JOHN BOYD, Manager, pro tem.

ADAMANT LIFE AND FIRE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

TEMPORARY OFFICES, 28, BLOOMSBURY-SQUARE.

Capital £100,000—in Shares of £1 each; First Call 5s. per Share.

Liability of Shareholders limited to the amount of shares held by each.

Attention is particularly called to the novel and peculiar advantages offered by this Company.

The whole of the premiums paid during health, for five years or upwards may be converted into an "immediate annuity" for the remainder of life; should a member become incapable of continuing his annual payment. Thus—suppose a man of thirty to pay £50 a-year for twenty years, making together £1,000, and then to become unable longer to pay this amount, he would be entitled to such an immediate annuity for life as £1,000 would have purchased him at the age he originally assured—viz., £56 12s. 6d. annually.

A certain return to the assured of at least one-third of all premiums received.

Six months are allowed beyond the days of grace for the payment of all premiums, on depositing the policy with the Society.

A policy may be renewed at any time after the day when the premium actually became due, at the original rate of premium; back payments and interest thereon being duly paid up at the end of that time, provided the medical report is satisfactory.

Medical Referees, in all cases referred to them, paid for their reports. One guinea up to £500 proposed assurance, and two guineas if £500, and above.

Life Policies free of Stamp Duty to the Assured.

Assurances are effected, by way of provision against members being attacked with paralysis, blindness, insanity, and every other affliction, bodily or mental.

Mariner's risks whilst about 30s. per cent. extra.

Twenty-five per cent. of the entire profits of the Company is appropriated for the formation of a Relief Fund, for the benefit of parties assured for life (who shall have paid five years' premiums consecutively), as well as of aged or distressed proprietors (who shall have paid all calls and deposits), to assist them in emigrating, educating their children, or for such other purposes as the Court of Directors may think expedient.

Loans granted, on personal and other securities in connexion with a policy for one fourth more than the amount borrowed.

Persons assuring for life, without any participation in the above advantages (except the policy free of duty), will be charged two-thirds of the tabular rates only.

Appearance before the Board dispensed with in all cases.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The experience of existing offices proves that their largest profit is derived from that class of insurance designated "common risks."

This Company is established to effect fire insurances of this character principally.

Every description of common risk will be taken at 1s. per cent.

The contents of private dwelling-houses insured in one amount (pictures, prints, and drawings excepted). Under this novel system the insurer obtains a reduction of premium, in comparison with the rates charged by all other existing fire offices, equivalent to 50 per cent.

In all cases of total loss the whole amount insured will be paid at once. Thus, for the first time since the establishment of fire-offices, the prudent man who insures his property will be placed in the same advantageous position as the prudent man who insures his life. For the first time the value of the property insured will be estimated before the insurance is effected, instead of after the thing to be valued has been destroyed.

Seven years' insurance charged the premium and duty for six years only.

Attendance at the office daily from Ten to Four; Saturdays from Ten to Two.

Applications for shares and prospectuses to be made to the brokers, Messrs. Samuel Smith and Son, 4, Bank-chambers, Lothbury, or the temporary offices, 28, Bloomsbury-square.

Agents wanted, to whom a liberal commission will be given.

FREDERICK LAWRENCE, Managing Director.

THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY

Book Passengers and receive Goods and Parcels for MALTA, EGYPT, INDIA, and CHINA, by their Steamers leaving Southampton on the 20th of every Month.

The Company's Steamers also start for MALTA and CONSTANTINOPLE on the 29th, and VIGO, OPORTO, LISBON, CADIZ, and GIBRALTAR, on the 7th, 17th, and 27th of the Month.

For further information apply at the Company's Offices, 122, Leadenhall Street, London; and Oriental Place, Southampton.

HAIR.—R. BECK is now manufacturing the most superior HEAD-DRESSES for LADIES and GENTLEMEN, upon an entirely New Construction. R. B. has for years paid the strictest regard to fitting the Head, and studying the style and figure of the wearer, requires too often lost sight of by the ordinary Wigmakers; and without which the false head-dress is immediately detected. His Wigs have likewise the great advantage of being only feather-weight; neither shrinking nor expanding; nor will they lose colour, or change in any climate. Prices range from One Guinea.

R. BECK, Established upwards of Twenty-five Years, Removed from Cheapside to 4, OLD JEWRY.
Hair-Cutting, Curling, Shampooing; hot and cold towels, clean brushes, &c. Charge, 6d.

BANKS OF DEPOSIT AND SAVINGS BANKS.

INVESTMENT OF CAPITAL AND SAVINGS.

NATIONAL ASSURANCE and INVESTMENT ASSOCIATION.

7, ST. MARTIN'S PLACE, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, AND 86, Pall Mall, MANCHESTER.
Established in 1844.

TRUSTEES.

Lieut.-Col. the Right Honourable Lord George Paget, M.P.
Rev. Joseph Prendergast, D.D., (Cantab.) Lewisham.
George Stone, Esq., Banker, Lombard Street.
Matthew Hutton Chaytor, Esq., Reigate.

The Investment of Money with this Association secures equal advantages to the Savings of the Provident, and the Capital of the Affluent, and affords to both the means of realising the highest rate of Interest yielded by first-class securities, in which alone the Funds are employed.

The constant demand for advances upon securities of that peculiar class, which are offered almost exclusively to Life Assurance Companies, such as Reversions, Life Interests, &c., enables the Board of Management to employ Capital on more advantageous terms and at higher rates of Interest than could otherwise, with equal safety, be obtained.

The present rate of Interest is five per cent. per annum, and this rate will continue to be paid so long as the Assurance department finds the same safe and profitable employment for money.

Interest payable half-yearly in January and July.

Money intended for Investment is received daily between the hours of 10 and 4 o'clock, at the Offices of the Association.

Immediate Annuities granted, and the business of Life Assurance in all its branches, transacted, on highly advantageous terms. Rates, Prospectuses, and Forms of Proposal, with every requisite information, may be obtained on application at the offices of the Association, or to the respective Agents throughout the United Kingdom.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

Applications for Agencies may be made to the Managing Director.

PROFESSIONAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Admitting, on equal terms, persons of every class and degree to all its benefits and advantages.

Capital—Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand Pounds.

Chairman—MAJOR HENRY STONES, LL.B.

Deputy-Chairman—JAMES ANDREW DUNHAM, Esq.

With upwards of Fourteen Hundred Shareholders.

There are two important clauses in the Deed of Settlement by which the Directors have power to appropriate ONE-TENTH of the entire profits of the Company—

1st.—For the relief of aged and distressed parties assured for life, who have paid five years' premiums, their widows and orphans.

2nd.—For the relief of aged and distressed original proprietors, assured or not, their widows and orphans, together with 5 per cent. per annum on the capital originally invested by them.

All Policies indisputable and free of stamp duty.

Rates of Premium extremely moderate.

No extra charge for going to or residing at (in time of peace) Australasia—Bermuda—Madeira—Cape of Good Hope—Mauritius and the British North American Colonies.

Medical men in all cases remunerated for their report.

Assurances granted against paralysis, blindness, accidents, insanity, and every other affliction, bodily and mental, at moderate rates.

A liberal commission allowed to agents.

Annual premium for assuring £100, namely:—

Age—20 ... £1 10 0 | Age—40 ... £2 13 6

30 ... £1 19 6 | 50 ... £3 18 6

Prospectuses, with tables and fullest information, may be had at the Offices of the Company, or of any of their agents.

Applications for agencies requested.

EDWARD BAYLIS, Resident Manager and Actuary.

Offices, 76, Cheapside, London.

COSTA RICA COMPANY.

Advertisement in the Times of Saturday, October 2.

EXTRACTS:

The Council feel it their duty, at the same time, to give publicity to the following:—

Extract of a letter addressed by Don Felipe Molina, Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of St. James's, now at Washington, to Edward Wallerstein, Esq., the Consul General of Costa Rica, in London. Dated New York, September 7, 1852.

"I received yesterday a letter from Colonel Wright Warren, with the pamphlet published by the Costa Rica Company, and requesting me to endeavour to have a Provisional Convention held with the Charge d'Affaires of New Granada, in order that the Company might proceed with their undertaking without further impediment.

"Before receiving the latter I had already been acting with this view. Mr. Paredes, the New Granadian Charge d'Affaires, says, that the Chiriqui-road Grant is absolutely null and void, because the local authority of that province had no power whatever to enter into a contract of that description; that Moore, the person to whom the concession was originally made, applied for a confirmation of the concession to the authorities of Bogota, when he (Paredes) was Minister of the Interior there, and which was then denied to him."

By order of the Council of Direction,
GEORGE MACONOCHE, Secretary.

4, Adam's Court, Old Broad Street.

The Directors of the Chiriqui Road Company are fortunately enabled to reply to the above by the following letter:—

"To the Directors of the Chiriqui Road Company.

"Gentlemen,—I being the person referred to in the advertisement of the Costa Rica Company, which appeared in the Times of Saturday last, and being at present in London, authorize you most decidedly and distinctly to deny the whole statement so far as my applying to the New Granadian government for confirmation of the concession of the grant now held by your Company.

"It would have been an absurdity to do so, for I was aware when I procured the concession from the provincial authorities at David (the place of meeting of the legislature of the province of Chiriqui) that such provincial authorities were carrying out the law of the Congress at Bogota, passed the 3rd June, 1848, which law authorized the authorities at David to grant your concession without its being necessary to have any confirmation or reference to the supreme government. Never having applied for a confirmation, as a consequence, I never was refused. I make this statement in the most unqualified manner.

"I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant.

(Signed) "THEO. MOORE.

"9, Hanover Street, Hanover Square, Oct. 4, 1852."

By order of the Court of Directors,

JAMES MACQUEEN, Secretary.

No. 4, Princes Street, Bank, Oct. 4, 1852.

LONDON: Printed by GEORGE HOOPER, (of No. 3, Portland Place, Kensington, in the County of Middlesex,) at the Office of MESSRS. SAVILL AND EDWARDS, No. 4, Chancery Street, in the Parish of St. Paul, *Covent Garden*, in the same County; and Published by THORNTON LEIGH HUNT, (of Broadway House, Hammersmith) THE LEADER OFFICE, No. 10, WELLINGTON STREET, ST. ANDREW, in the Precinct of the Savoy, both in the same County, SATURDAY, October 8. 1852.